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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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President Truman's Task

THE DEEP SENSE of loss which the absence of Franklin D. Roosevelt brings has too many and too deep roots, both conscious and unconscious, to be fully understood at the time when the shock of the news of his death has not worn away. He is intimately associated in many ways not only with the life of the country which we love and with the whole world, but with the welfare of more individuals than have been affected by any President, including Abraham Lincoln. These associations have continued for more years than the incumbency of any other chief executive. It will be difficult not to think of him every time someone mentions "the President." What, we reflect, should we have done without him? And this question suggests in all minds its twin, What shall we do without him?

Mr. Truman faces a more difficult task even than that Mr. Roosevelt would have confronted if he had lived. The objective problems remain as before; the experience, the knowledge, the reputation and the devoted following are lacking. No one can tell what unsuspected capacities a man can develop until he is endowed with responsibility and power; this was true of Mr. Roosevelt himself. The presidency is bigger than any individual, and can broaden and refine some men just as it crushes others. The new President has an opportunity as great as his risk. It would be fatal for the people of this country to deny him that opportunity by failing to support him just because he is not his predecessor. We may prudently, however, try even at the beginning to assess both his elements of strength and his probable weaknesses.

One tremendous asset appears at once. The immediate tasks of winning the war and forming a world security organization were on the brink of completion when President Roosevelt died. Everyone knows the objectives nearest his heart and the ways in which he expected to achieve them. There was opposition lurking in the background; given any opportunity, it would have endangered agreement at San Francisco and subsequent ratification of the treaty. Now the personal hostility toward Mr. Roosevelt, the jealousy of his eminence and power, are checked. The tremendous significance of what he stood for is underlined by the mourning of the world. He has become a symbol which few would dare to dishonor. Achievement of his purposes is sought as a means of expressing devotion to him and perpetuating his aspirations. Franklin Roosevelt at rest at Hyde Park is a more powerful force for America's participation in world organization than was President Roosevelt in the White House.

This help any successor would have had. Mr. Truman also possesses assets peculiar to himself. If the Dumbarton Oaks proposals are to fail, they will fail because of an adverse vote by a minority of the Senate. Mr. Truman himself has so lately been a Senator that it is natural to think of him in this role rather than in that of President. The Senate has often been called the most exclusive club in the world, which delights to honor and protect its own membership and which belligerently resists any outside incursion, real or fancied, on its prerogatives. Let any Senator be nominated for an important post, whether it is Associate Justice of

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the Supreme Court, Secretary of State, or head of the RFC, and he will usually be confirmed by acclamation. Let any non-Senator of equal or even greater eminence be nominated, and he will be carefully scrutinized if not rejected. There are likely to be few irreconcilables in the Senate opposing any treaty which President Truman supports.

Mr. Truman has another trait which will serve the cause of smooth administration of our government, not only in the immediate task, but in others as well. He has the training of a politician, and the reputation of adhering to the code of the politician. Mr. Roosevelt was also a skilled politician, but in a different sense. He had the intuition to know where the winds of public opinion were blowing, where the centers of power lay, what line to take in arousing the people and what must be done either to conciliate or to overpower those who might block his main objective. But he did not maintain harmony in his administrative family. He made too many opposing commitments, forgot too many promises. Mr. Truman plays the game more the way Jim Farley played it. With his associates, his word is his bond. He keeps his promises to those who have helped him. This is what enables even the most corrupt boss to operate his machine and win elections; it is a useful habit for any political administrator, even the most honest. The difference between the corrupt and the honest lies in the persons and forces receiving the promises.

This useful though lowly virtue is accompanied by another which Mr. Truman evinced in his career in the Senate. His public reputation rests on the voluminous and excellent series of reports about the conduct of the defense effort and the war economy which came from the committee of which he was chairman. These reports brought to light many causes of confusion and inefficiency and made many recommendations for improvement. Even Mr. Roosevelt's warmest supporters admitted that good administration in pursuit of his objectives was not his strong point. This is exactly the point at which Mr. Truman has specialized. It would be untrue to assume that the reports are in a major sense his own work; they proceeded from an expert staff and the examination of many witnesses. But it is exactly the ability to make use of the expertness of others and to get the gist of a mass of testimony that marks a good executive in the higher ranks. While the new President's executive ability has never been tested by action in any large way, he has had at least a good theoretical preparation for the job.

These qualifications should reassure us as long as the new President is following a course predetermined by the old. He is loyal, he is honest, he is in any event too humble and too sensible to try to strike out on a new and different line in this extraordinary crisis. Mr. Roosevelt probably could not have chosen a better deputy to carry on as long as the way is clear and his own spirit governs. But the course is not predetermined far ahead. It was Mr. Roosevelt's boast that in trying to win his game he acted like a quarterback who changed the plays according to the circumstances of the moment. He did not believe in detailed planning for the future. Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco are only the first bars of the overture to the symphony of future international peace. What about the economic themes, still in the preparatory stage? What about the domestic policy of reconstruction in the United States, on which everything else will depend?

Has Mr. Truman the imagination, the daring, the sensitiveness to new currents of popular need and pressure, to continue the advance as President Roosevelt would presumably have continued it, or at least might have continued it in his fresher and less trammeled days? Mr. Roosevelt was by temperament and background an aristocrat, of the sort who can free himself from the narrow assumptions of traditionalism when the need and opportunity are present. Mr. Truman comes from a small Midwestern town and bears the cultural inheritance of the American middle class. It is an important inheritance, which cannot be ignored, but it has not been too well attuned to the future of a world in depression, war and revolution. Will his kind of commitments, honest and capable though his associates may be, measure up to the requirements of the times? Will the pressure groups bent on conservatism, when conservatism must march ahead in order to survive, be led by him to support necessary action, or will they find a way to take him into camp through the very political practices at which he is adept? Will the Senate dominate him while it supports him?

The present hour is not a congenial one in which to point out Mr. Roosevelt's faults, but surely it is one of them that he could not allow the rise of another leader who bore the promise of being as eminent as himself in his own school. His very popularity had a tendency to frustrate his success in achieving the best that was open to him. The masses who followed him came to rely entirely on what he might do, without building up an independent progressive movement with power of its own. The result was that the necessities of compromise which confront every President often found the forces hostile to his aims better organized than those which favored them. The balance of power in this country has in consequence been shifting to the Right for some years. The activity of the PAC in the last election went part way to reverse this drift, but much remains to be done.

It may be a blessing in disguise that Mr. Truman does not have, or seem likely to have, the same power to command widespread popular homage which was accorded to his great predecessor. The imagination and the spirit of progress which Mr. Roosevelt symbolized must now find a broader base. If they do so, the new President may be wise enough, and a good enough poli-

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tician in the better sense, to encourage it and work with it. If it does not, he probably will be unable to carry the burden alone. A really successful administration in a democracy is never the work only of its leader. It is the result of coöperation between the leader and the aspirations of the people themselves. Mr. Roosevelt had at his best a genius for this coöperation, but he did not have a genius for organizing it and giving it a lasting basis. It is up to all of us who have seen the best in him, to carry on the job in a more enduring way, now that he is gone. By doing so we shall help to make Mr. Truman a better President. If he can rise to the opportunity of accepting the leadership of a progressive movement, granted that one can be created, he will have avoided the major peril which lies before him.

Military Review

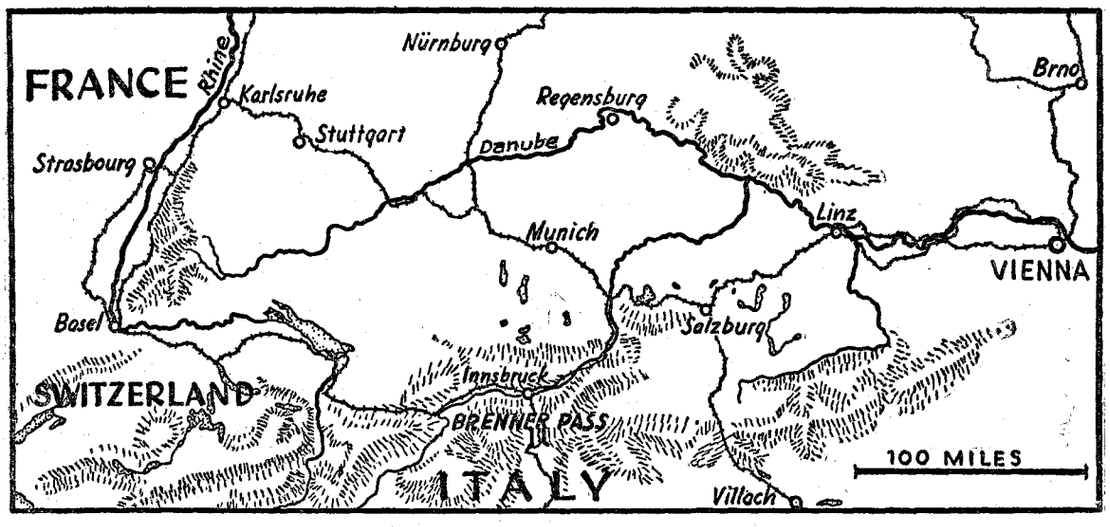
WHEN THE INVASION of the Continent was still only a future possibility, Hitler explained that it was difficult to deal with such opponents as the Western Allies because they were military idiots, who followed no rational plan of strategy. The taunt can reasonably be turned back on him now; the operations of the German army since General Eisenhower forced the Rhine have so little over-all military pattern that they can be understood only on political grounds, and not very well even there.

The first steps of the big retreat accorded fairly well with the frequently announced plan for a retreat to the Bavarian highlands. The Nazis got out of northern Holland with about all the troops they could expect to, in the circumstances, while the remainder retreated to the Channel and North Sea ports "according to plan" to hold these potential supply inlets as the French ports were previously held. A vigorous and, on the whole, a successful defense was opposed to the Seventh Army's advance toward Nürnberg, and on the extreme southern flank the French were even counter-attacked.

At the center there was not much chance of building up a coherent line, thanks to a lack of both reserves and communications, so no good troops were wasted on the delaying actions that were called for there. The enormous captures made by the Third and First Armies from Fulda northward have been entirely of Volkssturm troops or of the new "comb-out" formations organized last fall which there would now never be time to train fully. The SS and old Wehrmacht divisions have been encountered only in the south.

There was at least some effort to build a position along the Teutoberger Wald in the north (even if this were not intended as a permanent line, it was at least the screen behind which the troops from Holland could escape); and the forces in the Ruhr, instead of making the frantic efforts to break out that characterized the Allied 1940 campaign in Belgium, waited till Patton's heads of column had gone past and struck hard at his flank and supply lines, with the armor leading.

The point is not whether these moves succeeded (as a matter of fact, most of them failed); but that they represented normal, good military technique—what a General Staff School officer would do to make the best of a bad situation. Even the ferocious threats of hanging officers who gave up, and such incidents as that near Würzburg, where German artillery was turned on a group of Nazis being marched away as



The Central Citadel

Here is the ground where the Nazis have apparently elected to make their last stand. It is perhaps significant that while gains on other parts of the map have been long and spectacular, the penetrations into the area shown here have been few and slow; but the duration of the defense depends rather upon the strength of the men holding the position than on the position itself.

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prisoners—even these, while not what we would do, still fall within a recognizable military pattern.

It is what follows that seems like insanity. If the breakdown of the forces at the center made retreat to Bavaria inevitable, one would expect that the first forces to make it would be those masses of infantry and armor that were rushed across Europe to the Oder when the Russians broke through in January. With the exception of the garrison already in the central citadel, they are the last strong formations of the German army. But there is no sign they made any attempt to move; they remained where they were, facing the Soviets before Berlin.

An attempt to hold on this line is also a conceivable strategy, but if it was to be made, one would have expected the German leaders to take ordinary precautions about protecting their rear. They did nothing of the kind; General Hodges won his first crossing of the Elbe with an ease that indicates the quality of the defense must have been very low. In fact, the system being followed by the Nazis hangs together only if one predicates a defensive war in which all thought of movement is abandoned in favor of holding out as long as possible in the best protected spots.

There would be some sense in this also. It would be one way for Hitler to make certain of that "biological victory" he has already achieved. As long as there remains a German army with its flag up, the German prisoners, whose total numbers must now run up in the millions, will eat better and live better than the civilians of the nations they once conquered; and so will all the men still under arms in such enclaves as Latvia, Norway and the pockets along the French coast. But if the Nazis are shooting for a biological victory on the heels of their military defeat, one would expect them to keep their barbarities within bounds, particularly since they have always been so very careful to do so in the past.

That is, within legal bounds. Actually, the calculated savageries of the Nazis have been far more extensive than anything done by the Japanese, but the Germans have painstakingly given them a cloak of legality, perhaps remembering how the war-crimes trials at the close of the last conflict were turned into a farce by successful pleadings that the acts complained of were either not contrary to international law or were done under the orders of officers not on trial. If the Nazis mistreated the Jews, they were citizens of Germany, and theoretically it does not lie within the right of any nation to interfere in another's management of its internal affairs. If they murdered Poles, it was because they were in revolt. France was plundered under the strictest legal forms and with the exchange of the correct documents of accountancy. Everything done in Norway was under the authority of what was recognized by a large part of Europe as the legal Norwegian government.

Yet at the eleventh hour this elaborate legalistic structure of insurance against the consequences of defeat is suddenly thrown down, not only in such acts as the murder of the prisoners at St. Vith during the December drive, but more particularly in the starvation that has been visited on those in the camps within the last thirty days, and in such establishments as that at Nordhausen, which fall outside even a legalistic justification. Why the Germans are behaving like that is hard to say; but it is perhaps fortunate that in its last moments of power Nazidom should leave us with no doubts as to its essential nature.

The President's First

Mr. Truman's first public speech as President of the United States was so exactly what was expected that there is little else to say about it. It expressed the intention to follow Mr. Roosevelt's policies in conducting the war, ending it and making the peace. It gave specific reassurances to any who might have doubted that there would be no important change in the immediate course of the Administration. It was characterized by courage, humility and dedication to the interests of the people. It was meant to be, and will be, reassuring to the United States and the world, in so far as anyone can be reassured until Mr. Truman has had an opportunity to prove in action how well qualified he may be for his heavy responsibility.

Mr. Molotov's Visit

The decision of the Soviet government to send its Foreign Commissar, Mr. Molotov, to the San Francisco conference, is more than a friendly gesture toward the new American President who, anxious to acquaint himself with international problems, requested it. In the weeks since Yalta it had become increasingly clear that those political issues whose settlement the Crimean conferees had sought as a prerequisite to the success of the San Francisco conference, still remained unsolved. No settlement has as yet been reached on the thorny Polish question. Uncertainty developed as to the status of the Balkan nations after the obvious pressure brought on Rumania by the Soviet government. And while the Yalta communiqué gave a general outline of what the Big Three intended to do in Germany, differing interpretations made further consultation inevitable. As the collapse of Germany may well take place during the San Francisco conference, the presence in this country of British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden and Mr. Molotov will facilitate immediate discussion of the steps to be taken.

Finally, if it was assumed that the San Francisco conference would be concerned only with the question of the international security organization, this assumption is proving itself to be erroneous. Political questions will apparently be brought up and the participation

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of men of Mr. Eden's and Mr. Molotov's rank seems absolutely necessary.

Who Are the War Criminals?

The capture of Franz von Papen, once Hitler's Vice-Premier, of Alfred Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, head of Germany's greatest armament concern, of Prince August Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, son of the late Kaiser and active Nazi, and of Manfred Zapp, former ace Nazi propagandist in the United States, takes the question of war criminals out of the realm of theory. If the punishment of war criminals were limited only to men guilty of specific and direct crimes, these men could readily escape justice. But they belong to that small group of Germans who by their betrayal of the Weimar Republic were responsible not only for the Nazi usurpation of power inside Germany in 1933, but also for the war. They were the men who first financed the Nazi movement, then increased its prestige by joining it, and finally worked for it as diplomats, propagandists, merchants of death and military leaders. Each of these four men represents a class in German society most immediately responsible for the misery of Europe's millions: Papen represents the Junkers, Krupp von Bohlen the heavy industrialists, Prince August Wilhelm the militarists, and Zapp the opportunistic and degraded intelligentsia which sold its services to the Nazis. Not only does justice demand their punishment as individuals, but political wisdom requires the complete elimination of the sources of power of those classes in German society which they represent.

Poor Mr. Hayek

For many years a mild-mannered, scholarly Austrian economist struggled bravely to defend the type of economic theory generally accepted by the authorities in the 1880's. He expounded in great detail why a free economy of private enterprise should create the best of all possible worlds, why socialism wouldn't work, why it was impossible to plan wisely. The technical competence of his studies was admitted by the few who ever heard of them and were qualified to understand them, but he fought a losing battle both among his peers and with history. Many of his premises did not correspond with reality, and the conclusions resting upon them did not influence action. Economic theory and practice rolled by and left him in his ivory tower. Finally he became a refugee, and found a home in England, which exercised her usual tolerance toward his person and his ideas by installing him in a university, but failed to pay him the homage of endorsing his theory or following it. It would not be an exaggeration to say that his influence on his time was a very small ripple indeed.

At length he wrote a book in a somewhat more popular vein, intended to prove that state planning and intervention in economic affairs leads to fascism. *The Road to Serfdom*, though it made little impression in England, found an enthusiastic response in the United States among those who are using the economic theories of the 1880's to justify the business practices of the 1940's. He was imprudently persuaded to come to this country, where he is being rapidly erected into a leading thinker of the reaction. He is being pushed by chambers of commerce, advertising agencies, big business. His little book sells at the rate of 1,000 copies a day. But unfortunately this is far from being recognized by his peers, the scholars. Even the sales of his book are apparently the result mainly of bulk orders, since it is not high on the selling lists of the book stores. We do not begrudge this gentle scholar the worldly success which has come to him so late. But it is pathetic to contemplate the nature of the success, which seems to us so far from that which he really would have desired, if he understood its real sources, that it amounts to little more than an indignity.

Bishops in Politics

The Catholic Bishops of America have issued a statement, "On Organizing World Peace." They express fear that at San Francisco an attempt will be made to substitute for a juridical world institution an alliance of the great powers. They object to the voting procedure proposed for the Security Council as inconsistent with the "sovereign equality" of nations. They feel that the functions of the General Assembly are too restricted. They favor an international bill of rights. They consider the Yalta formula for a solution of the Polish issue "disappointing." They shed tears for the "fate" of the Baltic states. But above all they object to Soviet participation in the international security organization. Every day, they say, "makes more evident the fact that two strong, essentially incompatible ways of life will divide the loyalties of men and nations in the political world of tomorrow. They are genuine democracy and Marxian totalitarianism."

We think the fears of the Bishops are largely unjustified. We do not believe that events in Russia for the past decade and more warrant the fear that the division between the Russian system and that of the Western world is growing deeper; on the contrary, the gap is beginning to be bridged. The real division is between the fascist countries and the rest of the world, and it is a matter for regret that in nearly every one of these countries, the Catholic Church plays a powerful part in support of the fascist dictator. But in any case, it is disturbing to see a representative body of prelates entering into a public controversy on a strictly political, sectarian set of issues. No church can do anything but harm when it plunges headlong into politics, as the Catholic Bishops are doing.

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Mr. Hicks and the Liberals

IN THE *New Republic* of April 16 Granville Hicks reviewed Max Lerner's new book, *Public Journal*. In doing so he criticized, as he himself pointed out, not merely Mr. Lerner's book but Mr. Lerner himself, and the newspaper *PM*, the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. We printed Mr. Hicks's review partly for its intrinsic interest, partly perhaps because we have the usual weakness of the liberal for publication of animadversions against one's self. Mr. Hicks is intelligent and sincere, and no doubt there is something in his criticism of *New Republic* liberalism. We don't feel, however, that he told the whole story, and lest our silence be construed as a greater degree of acquiescence than exists, we feel it is desirable to add a few notes here.

With some of Mr. Hicks's specific comments we disagree. He thinks *PM* has "forgotten" the "lofty ideals of objectivity" with which it started. This seems to us false; *PM* was never intended to be objective as between oppressors and the victims of oppression; that is how it was planned from the beginning, and that is how it is still conducted. He thinks it has fallen away from the ideal of "telling all the truth because free from advertising fetters." Mr. Hicks evidently does not understand what sort of fetters advertising imposes, or how completely *PM* has been and is free of them. Finally, he thinks *PM* is not a newspaper, but only a supplement to other papers which carry the news. Few professional journalists would make this naïve comment; *PM* carries all the important news, but does so briefly, and to many of us this brevity is a blessed relief.

When he comes to the liberal journals in general, Mr. Hicks makes several criticisms, using Max Lerner as his chief stalking-horse. To him we seem unduly concerned about the immediate political effects, as well as the ultimate truth, of controversial issues. He feels we are too reticent about things that are wrong in Russia, that we are impatient of people like Koestler, who wants to be sure where he is going before he starts, that we commit ourselves to "men, systems and institutions."

On some of these points, our difference with Mr. Hicks is more a question of emphasis than of fundamental disagreement; for example, we believe we have done our full duty in the way of criticising mistaken policies in Russia and in repudiating the whole fundamental undemocratic basis of her totalitarian government. We feel that many of those who are in general on Hicks's side of the fence, though perhaps not Hicks himself, would never be satisfied with any attitude toward Russia except one of savage and ceaseless vituperation. We have also never hesitated to criticize the President or the American government for acts which we considered unwise. But on other matters our difference with Mr. Hicks is more fundamental.

The plain implication of the Hicks point of view is that liberal journalism ought to float above the battle, a disembodied spirit, never "committing itself to men, systems and institutions" but impartially and at all times pointing out what is wrong with everything and everybody. Whether you call this a council of perfection or a council of despair depends, we believe, on the psychology of the individual; but certainly, if enough people had adopted this attitude, the Nazis, whose pursuit of ultimate truth is somewhat less perfect than Mr. Hicks's own, would have conquered the world long ago. Indeed, it is just because large numbers of passionate democrats have wanted to commit themselves to men, systems and institutions which, however imperfect, are superior in their eyes to the men, systems and institutions of Germany and Japan, and have been willing to fight and die for their choices, that Mr. Hicks can afford the luxuries of peace and freedom.

Obviously, there are dangers in one direction as well as the other. The liberal who compromises his principles a little for the sake of getting something done may broaden down from compromise to compromise until he ends with few results and no moral integrity. One who wishes to influence his own generation must set for himself limits beyond which he will not go. But this is a very different matter from saying, as Mr. Hicks seems to do, that we should never start out anywhere unless we are sure of our ultimate destination. Ultimate destinations are never certain in this world, and the man who lays too much

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The Last Chapter

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emphasis on them usually does so as an excuse for not going anywhere.

Mr. Hicks belongs to what is now becoming a rather large and decidedly interesting group: the ex-Communist wing of the American intelligentsia. He has shed his communism or, at least, his faith in Russia as a continuing center of communist activity; but he has not shed the characteristics which brought him into communism in the first place. In a country like the United States, where any sort of communist society is improbable for many decades and completely impossible for the visible near future, you are unlikely to join such a movement unless your mental outlook is a combination of utopianism and a sort of fundamental irresponsibility about the present and near future. To such a mentality, thinking straight, keeping your own record clear, expressing your (perhaps recently acquired) indignation about Russia's violations of civil liberties, will always seem more important than tackling the immediate problem and doing the best you can with it, doing so even if you can't see ahead to the far future, even if you employ the aid of dubious allies, even if the crystal outlines of Truth are somewhat dimmed here and there by the rising dust of battle. But probably the final reasons which cause one to take his stand for or against this degree of compromise are personal and fundamental; and probably, therefore, there is little point in having people on opposite sides of the fence line up and heckle one another.

Trouble in the VA

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is probably the leading expert in the American government on congressional investigations of bad situations arising from the war effort. We hope that, in spite of the pressing burdens upon him, he will use his utmost efforts to make sure that there is a real, exhaustive investigation of the Veterans' Administration, and that the faults uncovered are rectified.

That these faults are many and serious, there seems to be no doubt. Large numbers of former soldiers who are now patients in veterans' hospitals complain bitterly of the treatment they receive. They say attendants are sometimes brutal, food inedible, surroundings frequently insanitary, medical treatment often perfunctory or incompetent. The *Journal* of the American Medical Association supports some of these charges. It says that although the Veterans' Administration has ample funds available, it fails to consult the best physicians or to keep its techniques abreast of the newest methods. The *Journal* points out that this is in marked contrast to the treatment of soldiers still in the armed forces, where medical service is admirable.

There is also criticism of other functions performed by the Veterans' Administration. In nine months it approved only 1,608 loans to veterans, and 150,000 unpaid insurance claims for disabilities or deaths have piled up. Families of men killed in action wait many months before receiving the insurance which in many cases they badly need. In the hospitals, only one patient in six is ever listed as cured. Dr. Louis I. Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has criticized the low proportion of men with tuberculosis who have a recovery comparable with that in private hospitals. Many patients leave veterans' hospitals and go home, uncured, because they can improve their status as pensioners by so doing. Meanwhile, the waiting lists of men seeking admission lengthen. The whole picture is described as being one of red tape, inefficiency, emphasis on financial rather than medical problems, and insufficient recognition of the great debt that the nation owes to men whom it has called to the colors.

Undoubtedly, there is another side to the story. The head of the VA, Brigadier-General Frank T. Hines, protests that he is unable to get sufficient personnel to keep up with the work. The job has gone up 300 percent, personnel only 14 percent; at the moment there is a shortage of 850 nurses and 5,000 clerical workers. Already, substantially more pensions are being paid from this war than from the last one, and insurance applications are more than four times larger. The American College of Surgeons, which inspects VA hospitals periodically, disagrees with the AMA and thinks these institutions are pretty good. Nevertheless, the amount of criticism and the sources from which it comes indicate beyond doubt that something is seriously wrong. Representative Rankin has successfully prevented a genuine investigation by the House of Representatives, and one or two private inquiries that have been announced look like whitewash efforts set on foot by friends of General Hines. There is, however, a Senate group headed by Senator Pepper, which can do a real job; and if we know Senator Pepper, it will.

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A Journal of Opinion

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Franklin D. Roosevelt

THE SUDDEN DEATH of President Roosevelt is a profound tragedy to the nation and to the world. Regardless of Mr. Truman's qualities, it is a matter for bitter regret that the delicate, complicated and far-reaching negotiations regarding the end of the war and the beginning of the peace should be interrupted while we change the watch on the bridge. And equally important to note is the desolate misery of millions and millions of plain people all over the world who loved Franklin Roosevelt as a man and have shed bitter tears that he is gone. As is always the case when a great man passes, many did not realize how great he was, or how deep and moving is their own sense of loss, until the irreparable disaster was upon them.

What follows is not an attempt to add another to the eulogies that have been showered upon the lost leader from all over the world. Neither is it an effort to appraise Mr. Roosevelt in any permanent perspective: the verdicts of posterity are not to be written in advance and marked "hold for release." It will be decades, perhaps centuries, before we can correctly estimate his place in history, can say to what extent he made events or was made by them. These hasty notes, sent to the printer within a few hours after his sudden and tragic death at the very peak of his career, will seek only to record a few observations by one who has had an opportunity to watch his development for many years.

In 1932, when Mr. Roosevelt was first seeking the presidency, Walter Lippmann wrote of him, in effect, that he was an amiable man with no particular qualification for the office of President except that he wanted it. I am sure Mr. Lippmann has long realized that this verdict was mistaken. Even recognizing the fact that the office of President always makes its occupant seem larger than life-size, it is doubtful whether any other man in America possessed the peculiar combination of qualities which made Franklin Roosevelt so successful, first as the leader of the New Deal and second, as the individual to bring a reluctant and preoccupied nation into preparation for an inevitable war.

A year or two after Mr. Roosevelt's first term had begun, the conservative American press, which had such a sorry record in regard to him from the beginning of his career as President down to the moment of his death (and has, since his death, so suddenly turned to eulogy), began to broadcast the charge that Mr. Roosevelt was the willing forerunner of revolutionaries intent on introducing a communist regime in America, a Kerensky ahead of a coming Lenin. The papers stuck to this charge through weary months and years despite its palpable falsehood, despite the fact that Mr. Roosevelt was doing his best to shore up the tottering private capitalist system and keep it functioning at least after a fashion. At about that time this writer published in the *New Republic* an article whose argument can be derived from its title: "Not Kerensky —Lloyd George." The comparison still seems to me a good one.

Like Lloyd George, Mr. Roosevelt was abnormally sensitive to the personalities of others. Both these men had mental tentacles which searched out every individual in their presence and created as much *rapport* as that individual would consent to. Both men had an abnormal desire to please others and be thought well of by them; neither man was ever reconciled to the hostility of political opponents, but took it as a personal affront and brooded over it with a long memory. Roosevelt's New Deal period might be called a parallel for Lloyd George's 1910 phase when he won the bitter hatred of the British Tories by inveighing against the slums; both men, holding office during war years, turned away from domestic reform to efficient mobilization for armed conflict.

Mr. Roosevelt stuck to his main objectives with a persistency unusual in a man so sensitive to the wishes of others, so eager to please them. For the sake of these main objectives, he compromised on details; sometimes he went much farther in these compromises than many of his followers—including the *New Republic*—thought justifiable. Instances which come at once to mind are his association with Mayor Hague of Jersey City, his appeasement of conservative American Catholics, his maintenance of relations with Franco Spain and Vichy France. Perhaps we must appeal, again, to the pages of history to say whether he was right, or his critics. But certainly, he never doubted the wisdom of his course. He kept his eye on the final objective; almost anybody who was going, even temporarily, in the same direction could ride on his bandwagon.

Mr. Roosevelt's abnormal sensitivity was one of the reasons why he was not a particularly good executive. In making that statement one should be careful to say just what he means. Much of the criticism of Mr. Roosevelt's inefficiency has come from people who would have liked him still less if he had handled things more smoothly. Much of it came from people who were angered that he did not use the ruthlessness which is commonly (though often erroneously) attributed to the heads of big business corporations. They overlooked the fact that the only countries where such standards are applied in political life are the totalitarian dictatorships. Finally, many people ignored the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's seeming carelessness in giv-

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ing two men substantially the same job, or in setting up ill defined executive positions with vague authority, constitutes a technique of management that has been practised in fact, and defended in theory, by some highly admired managers in less controversial positions than the presidency. The argument runs that if a man is worth anything, he will find his own job and shoulder his competitors out of the way; and if he isn't worth anything, giving him a clear-cut position and plenty of authority won't do any good, anyhow.

In spite of which, one must agree that Mr. Roosevelt was better at other things than he was at the business of his office. He could not bear to dismiss anybody unless driven to it by desperation, as in the Wallace-Jones controversy, when he could justify himself to both disputants by impartially firing each of them. This sensitivity is rated as a demerit in a dog-eat-dog competitive society; it would have another and a higher rank in a civilization where tenderness and sympathy were considered valuable, and not a handicap in "getting on in the world."

Much has been said about Mr. Roosevelt as a country squire, a landed patrician with a sense of obligation to the poor and the distressed, rising from a strong feeling of *noblesse oblige*. This is a plausible theory, but it breaks down under the law of probability. How does it happen that out of many hundreds or thousands of other squires hardly one has developed a similar sense of obligation? Notoriously, with practically no exceptions, his landed Hyde Park neighbors were his bitterest political enemies. If an environment produces 999 black objects and one white one, it is hardly logical to say, "this is the sort of environment which produces white objects." Mr. Roosevelt was what he was because of personal temperament, plus the environment of his childhood, plus the environment of his adult life. Without doubt he was influenced enormously by his wife, a woman whose steadfast and magnificent devotion to all that is good, whose amazing ability to rise above the prejudices that might reasonably be expected to go with her class and background, have endeared her to many millions.

For the sake of accuracy we must remember that Mr. Roosevelt became a New Dealer after the depression had begun, and only little by little, as various members of his original brain trust brought forward the ideas which were afterward woven into the pattern of that extraordinary accumulation of new social legislation. His susceptibility to other men's personalities and ideas stood him in good stead at that time. Luckily for the country, as it turned out, the tories were intellectually as well as financially bankrupt; heads of big businesses, who have now utterly forgotten it, went to the White House and fell on their knees, begging the President to keep them from impending catastrophe. Sometimes the wrong advisers got to the President, even in those days, and persuaded him into unsound experiments, such as the attempt to increase domestic prices by diminishing the gold content of the dollar. On the whole, however, the legislation of those early days was sound and wise if you assume that evolution is better than revolution and that we should try to go on living in our tumbledown old house while we seek to rebuild it over our heads.

Was he a superlative politician? A good deal of evidence can be assembled for the thesis that his skill in this regard has been overrated. Anybody with the sensitivity and conciliatory impulses of a Lloyd George or a Roosevelt is sure to be a pretty good politician in the sense that he will try hard to make people like him. Yet President Roosevelt had some grave mistakes on his record. The plan to pack the Supreme Court, while it was far from being as outrageous as his enemies said at the time, nevertheless constituted a serious misunderstanding of the public reaction. So did the attempted election purge. Repeatedly, he failed to take Congress into his confidence when there was no possible advantage, but much harm, in not doing so. Much of his early reputation, everyone agrees, was based on giving him credit for acts of Jim Farley. For that matter, Farley himself is usually overrated. He has an excellent memory, and he was smart enough to apply direct-mail advertising methods to politics, but he hardly ranks with the political giants of history. Both Roosevelt and Farley have seemed better, politically, than they were, because they happened to come along at a time when the competition was unusually feeble. It did not take a master mind to win against Hoover in '32 or Landon in '36; and the victories of '40 and '44 are partly explained by other important elements—notably the world conflagration, and the new political consciousness of labor.

Was Mr. Roosevelt a master orator? Judged by results, one can only say yes. He swayed great masses of people by his public addresses as no other man in history has done; to be sure, no other man ever had the chance, before radio was invented twenty-five years ago. His resonant and silvery voice, his slow and careful enunciation, his flights of irony and ridicule, his mild humor and his occasional lofty passages constituted a formula more perfectly suited to the American ear and mind than any other politician of this age has achieved. One can hardly nowadays discuss the literary style of American public men, whose state papers are so often the result of the work of many hands. Even if he tries finally to put it all into his own words, as President Roosevelt usually did, the public man is bound to be affected by the preliminary drafts from which he works. Certainly Mr. Roosevelt's own style was clear, plain and simple, which is the beginning of good writing and very nearly its end, too. I happen to prefer the sometimes turgid but often magnificent seventeenth-century prose of Winston Churchill, especially when he is in the grip of deep emotion; but Mr.

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Roosevelt had qualities of his own which must be recognized.

That they were qualities of the speaker and not of the writer is characteristic. He was essentially a man of action, not a thinker; it would be too simple to use a now rather outmoded psychological jargon and call him an extrovert, but the word is at least suggestive. His salvation was that on the whole he saw things in a simple, external fashion; if this were not true, the appalling responsibilities of his job would have killed him long ago. It was the buoyancy which so often goes with this type of character that enabled him to deal all day with the most pressing worldwide problems, literally involving life or death for millions, and then sleep soundly and long.

One wonders whether his buoyant personality was not to some extent the result of his infantile paralysis. When he was afflicted, in 1921, after so many years of active, vigorous health, it must have seemed to him at first that his life was ended. That he could then go on to become Governor of New York and President of the United States may well have appeared the most glorious climax to a supposedly ruined career and life that any man could have had. No one can ever know what his example of courage and resiliency must have meant to thousands of other cripples; and this of course is without reference to the very great concrete aid he managed to achieve for victims of his own malady, an aid that will be reflected through many years to come.

What was the secret of his hold on the common people of America? It is not enough to answer that he wished them well, and took steps to turn his good intentions into greater prosperity and security, into shoes for the children, a little better position for the aged, more houses and food and clothing and recreation for everybody. Others have had the same good will and have participated in the effort to translate it into concrete terms, without generating the affection which caused thousands of people to weep openly as they went about their work after hearing the news of his death. Without, again, wishing to push a psychological interpretation too far, I think his chief appeal was as a "father image" to millions of people who have sensed the deep insecurity of our modern civilization and have felt in one degree or another lost and forlorn.

His great merit in the eyes of his fellow countrymen was that he never seemed overwhelmed by his burdens; he always confidently believed that there was a way out. He set the keynote with the words of his first inaugural—"the only thing we have to fear is fear itself"—and he never abandoned it, even when things looked their blackest to all the rest of us and must have looked, how much blacker still to him. To his fellow citizens he was a rock of security and confidence in a world of chaos.

Why was he hated so bitterly by the conservatives in this country who were bankrupt when he took office and at a peak of prosperity when he died? Probably historians will be pondering this question for decades —assuming, that is, that the forward march of events gives them time to ponder anything of the present era. It has been said that they considered him a traitor to his own class, and there may be something in that explanation, though certainly the charge against him was as ridiculous as it is false. If he did anything to his class, he helped to redeem a little its dubious record in recent years of patriotism, intelligence and farsightedness. It seems to me that perhaps the answer lies, not in anything he said to the rich, to the dominating hierarchy of American finance and business, but in the way he said it. The rich have never minded particularly the spoutings of soapbox orators in Union Square, because they could argue that the poor fellows didn't know what they were talking about. But Mr. Roosevelt knew what both he and the upper class were talking about. He could employ their own patter, with a Groton-Harvard accent. They felt that he had looked over, carefully and critically, their philosophy, their mores, their ultimate values, and after this appraisal, did not like what he saw. It is perhaps a sign of the inward feeling of guilt among many of America's prosperous groups that they responded with such furious, apoplectic hatred. The idolatry of the President among the plain people of the country may have been excessive, and showed in some degree both a weakness of our education and, as suggested above, the insecurity which most people feel about their status in our society; but if so, the reaction to him among the prosperous was a still more serious indictment of the kind of people we turn out from our most expensive homes, schools and colleges.

I said at the beginning that it is too soon for a judgment as to whether he was a great man in the sense in which we apply that phrase to a half-dozen giants of the past. It is not too soon, however, to report his greatness in that he was the pivotal figure in one of the crucial moments of all history, and that, with his help, the scales were balanced at last in the right direction. By that test alone, he can fairly be called one of the greatest leaders who ever lived. More men in more lands turned to him in desperation and hope than have ever turned to any other inhabitant of this sorry planet. He presided over the destinies of his country during its most serious internal crisis, and brought it through years of travail which wrecked the governments of other countries. As Stalin said of him, he was "a great organizer of the struggles of freedom-loving nations against the common enemy, and the leader in the cause of ensuring the security of the whole world." It is hard for us to take in the significance of those words when applied to a man of our own time, a man fond of jokes, a smoker of ciga-

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rettes in a long holder, a man who liked the movies and romped with his Scottie dog. Yet the muse of history must certainly record that Stalin is right; that Roosevelt led the forces of the world in a battle which may prove the great turning point in the history of mankind, and certainly would have done so if the battle had been lost. That he did not live for the final triumph is heart-breaking; but he lived long enough to give us a certainty of military victory and at least a fighting chance of victory in the moral realm as well. It is for us to say what use we shall now make of the opportunity he did so much to create. BRUCE BLIVEN

Letter from Chicago

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT took a good deal of criticism when she spoke a kind word for Ed Kelly during the 1940 campaign. The mayor of Chicago is now baffling his enemies and woefully confusing the political machine which produced him by proving that perhaps Mrs. Roosevelt had something. When a machine mayor turns into a white knight, carrying the banner for a publicly owned transit system, public housing and slum clearance, a socialized port authority to take over operation of terminals from the railroads, a constitutional convention and other undeniably liberal programs, what can one conclude except that some sort of spiritual regeneration has taken place?

Everybody in Chicago, not without reason, has two or more fingers crossed about this regeneration of Mayor Kelly. Some people say his wife is the good influence behind him; others, that a functionary of his church has persuaded him to bend his energies to good works; still others are convinced that as he approaches 70 (which some say he has already passed), Mayor Kelly has determined to leave behind him a record of civic accomplishment that will blot out the less pleasant story of his political origins in the Sanitary District of the whoopee era, when an indictment was briefly lodged against him but quickly quashed. Whatever the motive, his recent behavior has distinctly departed from the pattern of a machine mayor whose principal function is to keep the boys in the wards happy while sitting on the lid of the status quo for the benefit of the city's established business interests.

Shortly after the 1944 election, in which Kelly turned in a sufficient Cook County majority to carry the state handily for Mr. Roosevelt, the Mayor entered upon a pact of non-aggression and mutual aid with Governor Dwight Green, who heads the state Republican machine. Green himself had reasons for a certain change of pace. He had come closer than was comfortable to defeat at the hands of Tom Courtney. Like every other Middle Western Governor, he has hopes of being hit by some sort of 1948 lightning, and he could deduce from the 1944 returns a necessity to broaden his political base beyond the scope of *Tribune*-McCormickism on which he had previously stood. The Governor decided to go liberal.

Bipartisanism is an old story in Chicago and Illinois. Republican Governors are usually suspected of setting up weak candidates for the Democratic mayor to run against, and there are other techniques of cozy coöperation which work out to the mutual advantage of a Republican machine running the state and a Democratic machine running the city. But the Kelly-Green alliance had a new flavor. It contemplated doing something not only for its members but for the people. It covered not only the usual ground of dividing up judgeships at the forthcoming judicial election, but also the virgin territory of agreed legislation for specific purposes.

The first astonisher was the agreement of Kelly and Green to support a referendum on a constitutional convention. Illinois' constitution has not been completely revised since 1870, and has seldom been amended in any significant respect since 1900. The last convention, in 1922, produced a constitution which went down to defeat at the polls. The core of the opposition to change lies in the fondness of big business for the present revenue clause, which forestalls a state income tax. Therefore politicians in the past have seen to it that agitation for a new constitution never got very far.

Neither Green nor Kelly commits himself to an income tax or any other reform by coming out for a convention. Nevertheless it is something new that they both favor giving the people a chance to vote on a convention. Will Green stand up under pressure?

The second item of agreement was on congressional redistricting. The state is still sending Representatives to Washington on the basis of districts mapped in 1901, even though the constitution provides "mandatory" redistricting after each census. Population shifts have made the old districts scandalously unrepresentative. Cook County, with 52 percent of the total state population, now has nine and a half Representatives, while fifteen are elected downstate and one at large. One Chicago district has 112,000 people; another, 914,000.

Governor Green's redistricting bill was introduced by Representative Frederick A. Virkus after it had received the approval, according to reports, of Colonel McCormick. The bill had a deceptively attractive look. It gave Cook County 13 of the state's 26 Representatives, which accords with present population facts, laid out the new districts along fairly straight lines and struck an apparently fair balance among districts.

Only after some digging was it discovered that the effect of the Virkus plan would be to increase Repub-

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lican strength in the only area where it could be increased—Cook County. His scheme would give the Republicans four certain districts in the Chicago area, whereas they now have no Representatives at all, and would give them a strong chance, particularly in off-years when the GOP musters its greatest strength, in four other districts. Had his plan been in effect in 1944, Cook County would have elected four Republicans and nine Democrats (actual result: nine Democrats and one Republican, elected in a district which includes adjacent Lake County). Had the plan been in effect in 1942, the result would have been eight Republicans and five Democrats (actual result: seven Democrats, two Republicans, and a third elected in the Cook-Lake district).

The Republicans adopted an attitude of injured innocence when these facts were pointed out, and Jack Knight's *Daily News* rebuked the cynics for even considering the political effects of what seemed on the surface a fair job of redistricting. But it is safe to lay a large wager that these political effects were not overlooked by Representative Virkus, Governor Green or Colonel McCormick. Something they did overlook was a report of the state's own Legislative Council, which had suggested a much fairer set of districts, accomplishing what Virkus professed to accomplish and at the same time preserving neighborhood integrities. Virkus' secret was to draw the suburban districts on east-west lines, so that the heavily Republican vote of the suburbs served to dilute the urban Democratic strength of five districts which included both urban and suburban territory. The Legislative Council, on the other hand, divided the suburbs into two districts of their own, and left the city populations in districts of their own as well.

Present prospects indicate little chance for what some political writers call the "Virkusmander." That means no chance for redistricting this year, despite the continuing misrepresentation of Cook County voters under the present scheme.

Nowhere has the Green-Kelly alliance seemed more surprising than in their joint backing of legislation to set up a metropolitan transit authority which would assume public ownership and operation of all the transit lines—surface, bus and elevated. The "traction problem" has been beating Chicago citizens about the ears for years on end, with the result that the general public is numb, tired and cynical about the whole business. The principal companies have been in the federal courts for 13 to 17 years (they are now in bankruptcy before Judge Michael L. Igoe), and all attempts to reorganize and modernize the antique service have failed. It was a state-city deadlock which botched the last attempted settlement; the state commerce commission, appointed by Green, rejected a unification plan sponsored by Kelly, and the traction mess seemed to be back where it was 15 years ago.

For more than two years, Marshall Field's Chicago *Sun* has been plugging public ownership as the only way out of the mess. Nobody took this seriously at first, but as the hopelessness of a settlement under private ownership became more apparent, Mayor Kelly gingerly took up the idea. The more his technical advisers got into the matter, the more they liked the looks of public ownership. Some cynics thought his political advisers also got a whiff of new jobs to play with; but since Chicago traction has always been knee-deep in politics anyway, the public seemed to have little to lose.

Three months ago the jaded car-riders were treated to the rare spectacle of Mayor Kelly, a devout champion of private enterprise, persuading Governor Green, ditto, to join with him in sponsoring what no politician would call the socialization of public transportation in Chicago. While their joint legislation has passed the legislature, the plan still must get by Judge Igoe before it goes into effect, and Igoe, an old hand at Illinois politics himself, shows signs of sharpening up an ax.

Chicago's slums are as extensive and as bad as any in the country. Here, as elsewhere, there has been a lot of vague talk about building a better city for the fighting men when they come back. Here, as elsewhere, few persons grasp the radical scope of the measures required if the city is to be rescued from the clutches of big business and real-estate speculators and turned into a decent place to live.

The *Sun* has assumed leadership of public opinion for a large-scale public-housing program and advanced city planning; its blue signboards scattered about the city proclaim "No Slums for Chicago." Hearst's evening *Herald-American*, under the new editorship of the energetic Louis Ruppel, recently turned civic leaders pale with a flamboyant front-page assault on what it termed "Dirty Shirt Town." Mr. Hearst is reported to have proscribed this insulting slogan, at the instance of either Mayor Kelly or the leading business interests, but Ruppel continues in somewhat milder mood to expose slums, garbage-strewn alleys, bad transportation and other civic evils. Jack Knight's Chicago *Daily News* and the tabloid *Times* have joined the "something must be done" crusade, only the *Tribune* holding proudly aloof with an occasional dictum that everything can be safely left to private enterprise.

Mayor Kelly tells intimates that one of his ambitions is to leave a monument in the form of a great housing program. It is doubtful whether he understands the full implications of his plan. But in any case he is proceeding on the theory that both public and private enterprise must be harnessed for the work, and on the hope that funds will be forthcoming from Washington, where, he likes to boast, Chicago has as big a foot in the door (Kelly's foot) as any city.

Accordingly, Kelly and Green have presented to the legislature a joint legislative program for housing.

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These bills, too, will probably pass. They give the city full power to acquire blighted land for redevelopment purposes, authorize insurance companies to invest up to 10 percent of their funds in housing projects, and otherwise fill in the gaps between the neighborhood redevelopment act, which looks to slum clearance by private corporations, and the public-housing legislation which authorizes subsidized housing for low-income groups. Kelly is proposing a $5 million bond issue to be spent by the Chicago Housing Authority in getting the program started, and Green may loosen up with some state funds for the same purpose.

It would be erroneous to describe Chicago as in the midst of a great reform era. Both the Mayor and the Governor are circumscribed by their limitations, which arise from the fact that neither is a reformer or a liberal at heart. Still, the atmosphere is somewhat different hereabouts. Who can say where the urge for change now being aroused by the two executives may lead?

RANDOLPH MADISON

Liberty Party

WHILE we're building up for the Italian invasion, this North African port is just about our biggest. The cramped harbor is solid with Liberties, troopships and LST's. Warships crowd the naval base, American and British and French, from patrol craft up to battle-wagons, some of these among the best known in the business.

Allied sailors and troops surge through the streets of the city. Here are not only the men from the armada bristling on the blue below the sunset-colored cliffs but also GI's from a dozen nearby camps, Senegalese and Goums and fezzed Algerians in training, French officers in resplendent caps, Foreign Legionnaires, British armored-force men in black berets like Monty's. You see everybody in this thing, all looking for a good time before they get back into it.

Romance ought to lurk, they figure, in their milling dozens, down these curving stone stairs, hollowed by slippered feet through centuries, debouching on a cobbled alley twisting out of sight between grilled houses. So down they go and, rounding the turn, encounter not romance but the waiting white-helmeted MP's.

We made that port after tense weeks at sea. The subs were running thick out there and ganged up with torpedo planes on the Persian Gulf wing of our convoy, carrying supplies for Russia, and the whole calm sea was shaken with explosions while tracers looped gold across the twilight. The guys are glad to get land under their feet again after this and, as soon as liberty is granted, troop ashore in a bantering mob. Since our ship is the SS Booker T. Washington, naturally they go all together, whites mixed up with Negroes. Coming to the curving stone stairs, they stream down, their loud and happy voices echoing in the narrow defile between the houses. At the bottom, they follow the cobbled alley around the enticing bend.

The MP's bring 17 of them back aboard in a truck, and a mass trial is held in the Captain's quarters, with an MP major as the judge. Captain Mulzac doesn't like it.

"What were they doing wrong?" he demands to know.

"They were picked up in the Casbah, in the Arab quarter," the MP major says.

"What's wrong with their going into the Casbah?" the Captain asks.

"It's off limits," the major says. "All the Casbah is off limits to American and British forces."

"Why is it off limits?" the Captain persists.

"They might get robbed," the major says. "They might catch something. They might eat an uncooked vegetable."

"You mean they might buy something from the Arabs," the Captain says. "They might not spend all their money with the French."

Souvenirs, such as slippers with turned-up toes and leather cigarette cases and silver rings, cost a good deal less in the Casbah shops than in those on the French boulevards. The Captain knew all these ports in prewar days, when there were no off limits. He doesn't take any stock in the official theory that the Arabs have it in for Americans and will rob or knife you if they get the chance. When you're hitch-hiking out to the naval base, an Arab will pick you up in his jalopy truck or car before a Frenchman will in his lend-lease jeep. "'Mericans good!" all the Arab kids call after you.

The mass trial commences and each of the 17 men testifies that he didn't see any off-limits sign. The MP squad had let them walk right on into the Casbah, had just stood there without warning them or anything and, once they were inside, pounced. The MP's were tough about it, too, threatening to use their clubs if the guys wouldn't come along. No self-respecting white man, an MP said, would run around ashore with "niggers." The guys all have the idea that this is the main reason they were picked up and the MP major can't change their minds. When he pronounces sentences of a $25 fine apiece on the 17 men, somebody whispers, "the son of a bitch!" The MP major has no luck trying to find the culprit, though he warns that this is one of the gravest offenses under the military law to which we are subject, flagrant disrespect to an officer of the United States in the course of doing his duty, or words to that effect. Apparently the MP

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major is the only one in the room who heard the whisper. Even Captain Mulzac didn't.

Each of the 17 men signs the log book for $25 and the Captain pays over $425 in cold cash to the MP major, remarking as he does so that the Arabs, granting they were out to rob our guys, couldn't have done so good a job.

Later that evening Sparks and Tres come aboard together. Sparks is black and Tres is white. They had been with the crowd in the Casbah but had ducked into an archway when the MP's closed in. It opened on another alley, pitch-black, and they ran like hell. Turning the next corner, they saw a family in a ground-floor window all sitting around a table under the light. Sparks and Tres ran right in and pulled up chairs. Tres yanked a bottle of wine from under his coat and slammed it down on the table. The family turned out to be anti-fascist Spanish refugees who lived in the Casbah because the Arabs were friendly and the rent was low. On the wall of the room were pictures of Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin. Tres opened the wine and they passed the bottle around the table, everybody taking swigs from it, first to Roosevelt, then to Churchill and then to Stalin. The MP's never did catch Sparks and Tres.

The Red Cross has two clubs in town, one for whites and one for Negroes, though the Red Cross says not. It is just that one club has an all-white staff and the other an all-Negro staff. If a Negro happens into the club with the all-white staff, which he is likely to do since it is in the center of town while the other is way to hell out, one of the all-white staff may suggest to him that he will feel more at home in the club with the all-Negro staff, and give him polite directions regarding the best corner to stand on to thumb a ride out. Whites who blunder into the club with the all-Negro staff are apt to stay, even to come back again, for they are made to feel at home there by the all-Negro staff, and the snack bar is the best in town. At their dances, though, the only whites present are the girls. They are a group assembled by the Red Cross and their mothers sit around the walls benignly watching their offspring being taught how to jitterbug by the colored soldiers, while a Negro GI band plays jump after jump. Added to these girls are others brought in by the boys, just French and Spanish girls they happened to meet. But at one dance several of the Negro boys show up with Arab girls.

Consternation grips the benign mothers on the sidelines. They have no objection to their daughters dancing and otherwise associating with the brown Americans ("who are so much more *gentils* than the white ones, less disorderly and more considerate"), but they draw the line at their sharing the same dance floor with native girls. Getting together, the outraged mothers decide on a common course of action and present an ultimatum to the Red Cross management: the Arab girls must be ejected immediately or they will take their daughters home, never to return. Soon the French police arrive, the Arab girls are collared and marched off, and the white girls go on happily jitterbugging with the brown Americans.

It's Christmas Eve. The rule is, that you can't bring liquor into the port area. But nearly everybody wants some cheer for Christmas. A lot of the guys buy cognac or wine up in town to bring aboard ship. That's the way it is on all the ships in the harbor.

Four of our guys are coming back aboard this Christmas Eve. Brownie is white, and he has three bottles of cognac under his coat. Mickey, a Negro, has one bottle. Sam, the deck engineer, and Second Sparks, both Negroes, have no bottles. They are both serious guys with tough fights behind them to get where they are, Sam a chief petty officer and Second Sparks wearing a warrant officer's stripe. Neither of them will take a chance on marring a perfect-conduct record just for a little Christmas cheer.

Brownie, the white man, is first through the gate. The MP's frisk him and find all three bottles. They take two of them and let him pass on through with one. They frisk Mickey next.

"What you doing, boy," the sergeant asks him, "with this bottle?"

When Mickey doesn't say anything, Second Sparks speaks up. "You just let a guy through with one bottle," he says. Sam doesn't say anything, but that doesn't keep him from being arrested along with Mickey and Second Sparks. An MP marches the three Negroes to the Provost Marshal's inside the gate, keeping his .45 trained on their backs and threatening to use it unless they step livelier.

At the Provost Marshal's, the lounging MP's have some fun with the three Negroes, like at the police station back home in Georgia. "You've disgraced your uniforms," they say to Second Sparks and Sam. "We oughta rip 'em offa you." The three are booked for attempting to enter the port area with three bottles of liquor—Mickey's one and the two previously confiscated from the white guy, Brownie. They are released but told to appear for trial at nine o'clock Christmas morning. I appear with them, as defense counsel, and bring along Brownie as a material witness. He is pretty sore when he hears that his colored shipmates have taken the rap for his two bottles, and insists on coming.

"What a night," the MP corporal on duty as clerk of court says, "what a head I've got." All the MP's look as if they'd put in a tough Christmas Eve, disposing of all that evidence. So does the Acting Provost Marshal, a lieutenant from Texas, who takes me into a back room to talk things over when he learns I'm there to defend the Negroes. The whole thing can be quashed if the guys will just plead guilty and accept

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seven days' restriction to the ship, which won't matter since we're sailing in a couple of days anyway. I consult my clients outside and go back in to tell him they refuse to plead guilty and demand courts-martial. He calls in a Coast Guard lieutenant from the Merchant Marine Hearing Unit next door. He says the men, for their own good, should plead guilty.

"But they aren't guilty," I say. "They didn't have three bottles. One of them had one bottle. The other two didn't have any. They got credit for two bottles taken off a white guy, who passed through the gate with another bottle and wasn't even arrested."

"O. K.," the Provost Marshal says, "they want courts-martial and they're going to get them. You want to start something, but you can be damn sure we'll finish it and finish it right."

"When you say 'finish it right,' you better mean 'finish it justly,' " I say, "or it still won't be finished."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, Purser," the Coast Guard lieutenant tells me, "or you'll be in this too. What business is it of yours anyway?"

The three Negroes are never court-martialed and Brownie gets no chance to testify.

George, the colored messboy in the officers' saloon, comes back aboard all excited. He has just met a swell guy in a bar uptown who's coming down tomorrow with a jeep to take whoever wants to go to a city in the interior where there aren't any MP's and you can have a time. The guy is white, but he's very democratic and used to belong to the NMU, back in the early days. He wears an army officer's uniform, without rank insignia, and is some sort of intelligence agent, checking up on civilians.

"How did he happen to pick up with you, George?" Alex, the ship's delegate, asks him.

"Oh, he knows all about the Booker T. Washington," George says. "He's an old-time union man."

"I ought to know him then," Alex says. "Did he tell you his name?"

"No," George says, "he didn't."

But when Louis, another old-timer, gets back from uptown he takes Alex aside. He asks him if he remembers a certain guy, naming him.

"You mean the phony?" Alex says. "You mean the labor spy who tried to wreck the union?"

"He's in town," Louis says. "He's in uniform but he's up to something. I saw him in a bar, buying George drinks, the messboy George."

That night we have a special ship's meeting. Alex gets up and tells about the phony, how he worked his way high up into the union and, when he got there, tried to split it and turn the white guys against the Negroes. He tells how the phony and his gang raided union headquarters with baseball bats, insulted the girls who worked there and beat up the Negroes they caught. He tells how the union finally got the goods on the phony, proving he was on the payroll of a notorious labor-spy outfit, and expelled him after trial. He tells how the phony then got inside another union and tried to wreck it.

George, the messboy, says the phony told him he was all for the Booker T. Washington because he was against any kind of discrimination.

"You see me?" Captain Mulzac says, getting up. "I'm one of the Negroes his gang beat up with baseball bats, trying to run us out of the union."

Before the meeting ends, we plan a reception for the phony, when he comes aboard tomorrow to take George and his friends on the jeep expedition to the city where there aren't any MP's.

At the appointed hour, the phony pulls up in his jeep and stops on the dockside where there's a crowd of Nazi prisoners messing around. They sometimes sweep a little or scrape a few barnacles off a ship's side in drydock, while the Arabs do the heavy work. Mostly the Nazis just lean on their brooms or scrapers and haggle for cigarettes and food. They have quite an industry out in their camp, making bogus Nazi medals out of scrap aluminum to trade to the Americans.

The phony hops out of his jeep and the Nazis flock around him, grinning and clicking their heels. He grins back and says something pleasant. Then he comes swinging up the gangway, very dapper in his uniform without rank insignia but with a gold US on each side of his collar. The minute he hits the afterdeck, Louis, who has been hiding just inside the entrance to the starboard alleyway, starts ringing the big dinner bell and the guys come swarming from all over the ship. They encircle the phony on the afterdeck, look down on him from the boat deck but nobody does anything. The phony turns back toward the gangway and nobody stops him. He goes down fast and makes for the jeep. The Nazis grin and click their heels. Waving to them, he jumps in, starts the engine, turns on a dime and makes tracks in a hell of a hurry.

JOHN BEECHER

The Waterfront

Springing up black
and tremendous from behind the red tanks
of the varnish works

The arch of steel
under a sky of cold gray flagstone on a
drizzly morning in March

(Now that the seagull
gliding past the bridge struts has turned
his tail to them and

Balanced unmoving in air,
plunged down out of sight) aspires to no
heaven but Bayonne

FRED R. MILLER

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Washington Notes

The New President

As I HURRIED into the White House last week following the news of President Roosevelt's death, the sense of loss and bewilderment that had been growing up suddenly overcame me and—quite unexpectedly to myself—I found myself choking. There were other correspondents who were not dry-eyed. I suppose Franklin Roosevelt was the greatest man I ever met. As a correspondent I have followed him for a dozen years. Events in wartime do not wait, and battle casualties are promptly filled. But for that bright, gallant, peerless leader who told the nation at its hour of need that it had nothing to fear but fear itself, this column drops a humble tear.

Harry S. Truman—the "S" doesn't stand for anything—is an average, hard-working, unassuming, honest man, who has had a series of remarkable breaks and in each case has made the most of them. In every unexpected new capacity where he has found himself he has measured up—so far. His most attractive characteristic is his humility; there is no "side" to Truman. In the last election he did not write his own speeches, and read them badly. He has been, and is, a poor man. He probably has the smallest family fortune of any man who has sat in the White House in this century. That may be important. He has a sympathetic feeling for the middle-class "little guy."

What will the Truman Administration be like? The sophisticated Washington correspondents are now taking pleasure in the formula that "Truman won't be so bad as you think." This assumes two things: that many people fear Truman is a hopeless mediocrity if not worse, and that the correspondents know better. I largely share this second view. Truman is personally honest; and if he is, in many ways, commonplace, he also has shown much common sense. If Mr. Roosevelt was "a little left of center," Truman, I should say, is about on center—his danger will be lest it become "dead center." Henry A. Wallace, if he were now President, would be a militant liberal. But Truman, as a political middle-roader, is much more likely to carry Congress with him, and to keep the two rival wings of the Democratic Party from falling apart—whether for good or ill remains to be seen.

Truman starts with a political honeymoon, based on a funeral. Momentarily the shocked nation is in an exalted, a noble, mood, as it realizes the Roosevelt loss. Until Mr. Truman has shown his hand everybody will praise him. Conservative papers are now showering advice. Correspondents are having the fun of picking his new cabinet, for that there will be sweeping changes is generally agreed. Without saying so, many of those now eulogizing Roosevelt are secretly delighted that his rule is over. The strain of the New Deal was too much. They want "normalcy."

I think myself the Roosevelt era is over. One can only guess at these things; but my impression would be that we are going back to much greater congressional control, that personal government is out, that the cabinet will be greatly strengthened. Strong Presidents mean weak cabinets. Speaking bluntly, I cannot remember a weaker cabinet than Mr. Roosevelt's. I would expect half the cabinet to be replaced in six months, the replacements generally to be less liberal than the incumbents but of a more forceful, Byrnes-type. Truman is much more legislative-minded than Roosevelt. To illustrate, let us take the Rural Electrification Administration. Path-blazing Mr. Roosevelt might well have thought up the REA by himself; I doubt that Truman would have. But if somebody else thought up the REA, I believe Truman would support it. Finally Truman, unlike Roosevelt, would never have sent Aubrey Williams' name to the Senate, to administer the REA. He would have found in advance someone acceptable to the Senate, feeling that it was useless to antagonize the chamber in an avoidable battle. Truman is a party regular and a practical politician. It will be odd if any name he ever sends to the Senate is rejected.

A whole new regime is starting. Democratic national chairman Robert E. Hannegan, long a close ally of Truman's (who, with Bennett Champ Clark, obtained his Senate confirmation for a St. Louis federal appointment over the opposition of the *Post-Dispatch*), will probably have a great deal more to say in Washington than James A. Farley ever did. He may replace Frank Walker as Postmaster General. Many of Mr. Roosevelt's personal friends have no reason for continuing. Jonathan Daniels will not stay long; David Niles, left-wing White House aide, is sure to go; Morgenthau, a personal Roosevelt friend, is likely to depart. Truman will not be his own Secretary of State, as Roosevelt was. It will be surprising if Byrnes is not given a post of major responsibility.

Liberals won't like a lot of these changes. But there are encouraging signs in the Truman record. Truman voted with Senate liberals against Southern Democrats to apply cloture so that the poll-tax bill could be voted. He was against every effort of Kenneth McKellar to harpoon the TVA, and almost thwarted the McKellar campaign to destroy the National Youth Administration. He supported the CIO-backed Murray-Kilgore bill rather than the George reconversion plan. He opposed efforts to remove from the payroll three federal employees whom the Dies Committee labeled Communist. He places confidence in 37-year-old Hugh Fulton, sound, liberal, competent chief counsel of the Truman Committee. Most people don't know it, but Truman was primarily responsible for the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution; he planned the dinner of a dozen Senators that launched it, and picked the four who signed it.

Those are some of the factors of today's situation. Personally I do not see how the present political honeymoon can last. Decisions clamor to be made, and decisions involve controversy. Right at the start, for example, comes the tariff battle over the reciprocal-trade-agreement-act extension, and Mr. Roosevelt's request for authority to cut existing tariffs in half as a bargaining point for negotiation. The GOP stands in bitter opposition. This is typical.

In conclusion, Harry Truman's accession almost certainly means he will be the Democratic presidential candidate in 1948. Most detached observers now think he will be nominated—and defeated. But that is a long way ahead.

Washington T. R. B.

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International Notes

Russia and Europe

A GREAT OUTCRY is now being raised, especially among the British Tories and our own ex-isolationists, over the fate of Poland and other small nations in the so-called Russian security belt. I don't doubt that many people in these countries are profoundly unhappy over the trend of events. We ought to remember, however, that prewar Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Hungary are hardly bastions of democracy, that the alternative to the Russian-supported leftist governments is regimes not one whit better than those dominated by the Pilsudskis, the Carols, the Horthys, the Borises and the Alexanders. And while the Anglo-American Russia-haters bewail the allegedly undemocratic lot of the Eastern European countries under the Soviet heel, they have nothing to say about our own continued appeasement of fascism in Spain and Argentina or our anti-democratic policy in Italy and Greece, all countries where the democratic movement is much older and stronger than in Eastern Europe, and where it would have a good chance of success if it were supported instead of being hamstrung by the Western powers.

From Moscow. – A Moscow correspondent cables saying that among the items which are now intriguing Moscow is "one from Drew Pearson's column to the effect that an UNRRA official, Shepherd, had been found to be a British army colonel and paymaster to Greek-Monarchist groups, using British pounds. Every Moscow paper published the story. At one of the embassies a friend of mine remarked that the Shepherd incident isn't going to help UNRRA in this part of the world."

Léon Blum. – Publication of Léon Blum's *On a Human Scale*, written during the venerated Socialist leader's imprisonment at Bourrassol in 1941, is stirring the Paris public. The book was smuggled out of prison by clandestine channels. Blum, who is expected to play a prominent part in French politics if he can be liberated safely from his Nazi captors, gives renewed expression to his democratic and socialist faith. But he is extremely critical of the French type of multi-party parliamentarism and favors a constitution on American or Swiss lines.

News from Germany. – There is now substantial evidence that the German Labor movement, once the mainstay of democracy and the first victim of Nazism, is redeemable. A Swede who recently returned from Germany after having worked in a medium-sized factory in Berlin reports that of his 300 co-workers only three were Nazis. All the others, he continues, "were anti-Nazis. We called ourselves Pg., but that does not mean *Parteigenossen* (party members) but *Parteigegner* (party enemies). The Nazi bosses are hated and despised by the people, who cannot rebel because the power of the Gestapo and SS is terrible. Any attempt at rebellion would mean that thousands would be murdered in cold blood."

Once the Nazi terror apparatus is removed, free political activity is possible again. The British radio reports that the first free German labor union is now functioning in Aachen. The executive committee of the union has already formulated a program demanding the "destruction of Nazism and Prussianism, the expulsion of Nazis from commerce and administration, the reëstablishment of the eight-hour day, the right to strike and the recognition of May 1 as a legal holiday."

But the job of reconstructing the German labor movement will be difficult. A reliable informant with the American army in Cologne writes me that he has made contact with a number of persons whose names he had been given as trustworthy anti-Nazis. Of the Social Democratic Party, he continues:

> We found some people who had been of lesser prominence before 1933, some of whom are very excellent men of the type which has always been the pride of all of us. . . . There were several waves of imprisonment of former labor officials, the most recent important ones in July, 1944, and January-February, 1945. . . . The difficulties of reconstructing a labor movement will be tremendous. . . . The labor movement is in a bad position even as compared with the Center Party. . . . For Center people who belonged to the party machine before 1933, things were difficult, but still they emerged fairly tightly knit and ready for action. That means that they have ways and means as well as personnel to get most of the posts in the administration. The labor movement came out in the worst shape. The more prominent persons disappeared. The greater part of the rank and file is dispersed and the remainder have lost cohesion. . . . In spite of everything, I found so much of the best of their traditions in the few survivors that I really think it is permissible to hope that within a comparatively short time the picture will have changed somewhat.

Norwegian Redoubt? – Very lively courier traffic between Berlin and Oslo has led to speculation that the Nazis intend either to evacuate Norway or try to convert it into another impregnable mountain fortress. Requisition of houses in Oslo makes it appear that an invasion by Nazi dignitaries is imminent. Numerous Gestapo agents previously in France, Belgium and Holland are reported to be in Norway.

Franco Still Pro-German. – The Spanish Valladolid radio still believes that the Nazis haven't been defeated. Quite recently it professed full belief in Nazi claims that Germany possesses secret weapons capable of putting "a definite and victorious end to the war. . . . The delay in the employment of those means may be explained by several reasons. They have a destructive power so enormous that their employment can be justified only when there is no other way to save the life of the nation. . . . There is no reason to doubt that Germany possesses such weapons: German official veracity cannot be doubted."

Notes. – The Danish resistance movement claims that it publishes about 100 underground newspapers. . . . Finnish President Baron Mannerheim has come openly out in favor of land reform. . . . The Plastiras government in Greece fell after a rightist newspaper published a letter allegedly written in 1941 in which Plastiras protested the failure of the government then in power to accept a German mediation offer in the war against Italy. . . . A story, disseminated by a violently anti-Soviet weekly in New York, that the British and American governments officially are distributing some 20,000 copies of *War and the Working Class*'s English-language edition, is untrue. E. L. P.

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Robert Edmond Jones

THE Museum of Modern Art has now assigned a special gallery to the Department of Dance and Theatre Design, devoted exclusively to the dance and theatre arts. It inaugurates the opening of this gallery with an exhibition of theatrical drawings by Mr. Robert Edmond Jones. There have been showings here and there of assorted theatre designs, but this is the first time, so far as I know, that an American museum has given a one-man show; it is the first time too that scenic design is thus definitely presented and represented as, in the Museum's own words, a legitimate and autonomous art.

The question as to the choice of the designer to be first shown was something of a foregone conclusion. In point of time this is true, if we note that when he returned from his studies and wanderings in Europe—that was more than three decades ago—Robert Edmond Jones was the first person to take on the profession of theatre designer, as a profession, as an art in itself, as the single and central point from which the whole body of his work should proceed. (I am told that now in the union of this craft are listed one hundred and fourteen members.) In point of time, then, yes; in point of achievement, impact and influence he is also easily the first, as few people would ever think of denying. He is not only the first and leading figure in the décor of our theatre; he is, as I have said often enough, its most fecund and luminous mind and spirit. So far there is no American stage designer worth his salt that has not learned from him.

Mr. Jones has had his failures and bad moments, the design dropping to a low level, as all artists have. Some of the other designers have had their successes, fine and notable scenes, not to be forgotten. At times I have thought of these other designers, some of them very able and accomplished—some at times over-developed in activity, to put it pleasantly when I mean multiplied superficiality—and have found myself thinking of many another designer, and some instance of success about his design, in the light of Horace's famous "Homer sometimes nods" and Byron's addition to it: "Wordsworth sometimes wakes." In sum, then, Robert Edmond Jones is inevitably the first choice in this scene of showings for theatre décor, precisely as he is the source, projection and seed of all our comprehension of the relation of the décor to the dramatic principle and essence of the play and to the round and telling force of its production.

In a way the collection of drawings shown at the Museum is nostalgic, but that need not be a bother to us. It is nostalgic because it recalls the period just before the twenties and fairly on through the twenties when the theatre in New York was beyond words exciting. There were John Barrymore, Arthur Hopkins, the Provincetown Theatre, the Theatre Guild when it was fresh, unsettled as to its aim, genuine as to its intentions and its conceptions of art, though already slightly vulgar in essence and even perhaps not unwilling to be cheap if circumstances required; there was Claire Ames, not yet an artist but full of distinction; there were free spirits who believed in art, high, splendid or delicate art that would deal with life and create for it examples of what Plato meant when he said that poetry—or art—is that process by which something is where something was not before. There were a number of others who have since gone into the movies: and about them the movies will see that much too much is written, we need not bother to explain. It remains in general only to say that from the propulsion and insinuation of such a force and indication there are deathless things that must remain. There are in this show, for example, the sketches for "Much Ado About Nothing" with the Theatre Guild and the Lunts. It was brought into a full dressing, a completion before the footlights, and then abandoned and thrown overboard, though anyone with any sense might have known all along that Alfred Lunt could not read verse or understand the Shakespearean style.

To apprehend these drawings and designs shown at the Museum of Modern Art we must remember the part that light plays in a stage realization, the movement and the excitement of the theatre body for all theatric ideas. The first and last master in the function of lighting is Mr. Jones. Among the lists of now exhibited designs are perfections of dramatic imagination that are unequaled in our time, or any time before now. Many rooms, settings, suggestions and infinite dilations can be thus only partially indicated; and a tabulation would represent merely what must be seen to be understood or be understood on seeing.

Equally futile would be any attempt to define or point up the drawings and painted forms that are shown so well by these scholars of the Museum of Modern Art. There are the ballet designs, plus the gifts of John Alden Carpenter; there are the wistful, half-bellied hopes for a diaphanous drama well understood within the genius of such a designer, such a projector as Mr. Jones, plus the complete absorption of the stage moment that such designers, at their most orgiastic moments, intend. Thus there is intended, be the results good or bad, an insular pattern and proportionment, and finally a singularity, very special to the designer, of course, a thing built of drawings and pattern, light and brilliance and darkness, a thing beautiful and solemn, shadowy and robust. How far the designer, the prompter, the heavenly voice of him whose dream he states is coming true, is quite another matter; such a thing St. Paul makes clear—even for Alexander the Great and ensuing converts—that we should all be of one flesh, which is true and which is the supreme mystery of theatre art.

Since we are recording as best we can a great power and light in our theatre, we should mention the gift of words and perfection of radiant suggestion that in Mr. Robert Edmond Jones's case accompanies his visual gifts. Mr. Donald Wyndham, as editor of *Dance Index*, has evinced the imagination and the persuasion to get Mr. Jones to set down a record of his experience with the Nijinsky production of "Til Eulenspiegel." This article, in the latest number of the magazine, once read and digested, will convey an excellent idea of what gifts of words and thought Mr. Jones has brought by his personal splendor, force and penetration to bear on our theatre of today, yesterday and tomorrow. In this art and his nature there is a strange, high delicacy and fortitude, above a current that is deep, incessant and determined to make the contact needed for its flowering. Three decades represented by drawings at the Museum of Modern Art, inadequate as stage designs must be, leave him still at the spring and still the greatest light and promise that our theatre can show.

STARK YOUNG

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Returning Soldiers

"PRACTICALLY YOURS" is an unusually well aimed, heartless farce having to do with the public demonstration over a pilot (Fred MacMurray), who dives his plane into a Japanese carrier and accidentally comes through alive, and a girl (Claudette Colbert), who gets involved by mistake as his sweetheart. It is mainly an exposure of cynical behavior, also snobbery and foolishness. The girl is immediately grabbed by newsreel and radio, given two mawkish speeches to tell the sweethearts and mothers of the nation, maneuvered coldly and deceitfully into giving melodramatic, ludicrous or completely artificial performances. She and the pilot are taken over just as selfishly and autocratically by their boss, who feels better about having the girl stay at his home when he finds out how amenable she is to the treatment of the radio people and when she seems well mannered. The pilot is ruthlessly tricked into a last-minute marriage by the girl and a Supreme Court judge (Robert Benchley). There is also an earnest bookkeeping clod who is cruelly used and who can be cruel himself. Hollywood criticism is seldom so undiluted and vicious as it is in the portrait of the boss (Cecil Kellaway) as a thoroughgoing tyrant unrelaxed by exaggeration or broadness, and in the way the movie makes everybody foolish and insincere by showing them concerned in something that doesn't concern them but without any of the obvious tags of malice, and behaving more or less naturally, as people will who have no sense of trespassing.

The comedy is adept and economically managed, except for a tacked-on scene with an effeminate photographer who is made fun of in a broad, worn-out way. There is a fine moment inside of a newsreel theatre, where the hero is knocked out by a patriotic spectator for disapproving of a newsreel commentary that praises his own bravery. There are some funny shots of people feeling silly about having to call a dog Porky that they know is really named Piggy, and a contrived but good scene on a crowded subway train when the collapsible raft MacMurray is carrying starts to inflate itself. Like the newsreel scene, it stops before it should, but there is a wonderful last glimpse of an angry woman passenger chasing MacMurray down the platform. MacMurray does a lot of good pantomimic disgust in the theatre, at various hypocrisies and at Miss Colbert for her sentimental suggestion that a wife can will her soldier husband out of being killed. My chief complaint is that the film is visually less sharp, nervy and untraditional than its script. The casting is of smoothed-down, indefinite, overworked people; the visual creation of character is given over to a slight attempt to do Miss Colbert as a white-collar worker; there is almost no interest in locale, and not enough in getting the right kind of janitress, Trans-Lux fan, Central Park kid or bomber crew. I don't think there was really much true concern behind the movie's criticism, which seems evident in its failure to get anybody nearly whole or in any way very touching, likable or important, or to become more deeply involved in what it is about than any other expensive Hollywood comedy.

The David O. Selznick production called "I'll Be Seeing You" tells of an accidental meeting and the love affair that follows it between a sergeant (Joseph Cotten) on ten-day leave from a veterans' hospital, where he is a neuropsychiatric patient, and a girl convict (Ginger Rogers) on a ten-day leave (for good behavior) from prison. The meeting starts with the sergeant hardly able to think, form words or work his hands. He picks up coördination, talkativeness and wit as he falls in love with the girl, who tells him over and over again to believe in his ability to get well; by the end of the leave he is able to perform beautifully in a surprise attack by a mad dog; he hits a lamp post about thirty yards away with a rock; and gets through the one hallucination the film shows in a way that you are supposed to take as a sign of his getting well. The picture ends at the gates of the prison with the sergeant telling the girl he will be there when she gets out three or four years later (she is there because she accidentally pushed her boss through a skyscraper window while defending herself against him).

The movie has most of the unconvincing elements and missing parts of the kind of realistic soap-opera Selznick has been making, in which life flows too obviously, smoothly, melodramatically and toward too many predictable happy endings, and is cast badly, even for films that are obviously box-office conscious—Shirley Temple as an average family's adolescent seems like a misplaced kewpie doll and is still unadjusted to adolescent acting, and Miss Rogers, along with the character she plays, should have been left for another movie. Selznick films do try, though, to put actual American life on the screen. They generally have a good deal of perception, awareness and love for speech eccentricities and visual character, and if the views, attitudes and convictions are those of a suburban housewife, they are still apt to be exact as such. At least Selznick's movies don't get stuck in the living room or over the dining-room table, and they do a fairly good job of fitting people into environments. The best indication of that here is the treatment of the New Year's ball at the "Y," which has the right lack of glitter, does center for once on the crowd and the whole view of the floor and not on the hero and heroine; someone remembered to have a gym enthusiast grimly working out on some tumbling apparatus; and there is a good freezing conversation between a soldier and a civilian seeking the soldier slant. There are a number of good things in Cotten's performance, in that of Tom Tully as the druggist father with the exaggeratedly good-natured voice, and in the conception of the hero's character when he seems very real as a heavy, dull person being light. It seemed to me quite inadequate but very interesting.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

"We believe in free speech here and in America and those who are heckling us tonight will be asked to leave unless they desist." – *A. E. McCroskey, an organizer of the Japanese Exclusion League, speaking at a mass meeting, as quoted in the Seattle* Star.

Gerard Swope, former president of General Electric, said today he saw no valid reason for publishing the salaries or compensation of a firm's executives "other than the president's and possibly the chairman's.

"It only produces heart-burning and envy, and impairs the

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morale of the organization in the community," Swope said in an article in the spring number of the *Harvard Business Review*. – *AP dispatch from Boston.*

On the Home Front

Universal has another horror character to add to the star list which already includes Frankenstein's monster, Dracula, the Wolf Man and the Creeper. A feminine counterpart to these masculine menaces, to be known as "The Spider Woman," will make her top-feature debut in "The Spider Woman Strikes Again." – *From the New York* Herald Tribune.

That All-Out Effort

In the lobby of a Los Angeles theatre, showing the film "Betrayal from the East," is a large replica of Hirohito. Theatre-goers are invited to "kick the emperor in the teeth." A mechanical arrangement swings the teeth back when kicked. – *From the Los Angeles* Herald Express.

Brave New World

CAPE TOWN: A fixed policy to maintain white supremacy is agreed on by all parties in South Africa except those "quite mad," Prime Minister Jan C. Smuts told the Union Parliament in a review of the race problem. – *From a "South African News Letter," printed in the Montreal* Daily Star.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

FDR

SIR: The sense of personal loss which the death of President Roosevelt has evoked in people everywhere makes one want to understand what gave him his unique hold on the hearts and imaginations of men and women throughout the world. It seems to me that part of the answer lies in two of his greatest qualities: his gusto for life and his own gallantry in living. What was the famous "Roosevelt charm" but the projection of the interest and the pleasure he took in all sorts and conditions of men? And what was his courageous leadership of this nation in the blackest days of Allied fortunes but the extension of the fight he had made to overcome his own physical affliction? The little man's strong point is not brains: it is his sense of the realness of life as he knows it, his home and family, his daily hopes and fears, his striving to improve his lot, plus the knowledge that the "bigs" have got all the little men down and mean to keep them there. This is the set-up that FDR, however mildly, challenged. And for the first time in recent history he gave little men everywhere the feeling that they had a good friend—and a powerful one—in Franklin Roosevelt. What is greatness? When hundreds of millions sincerely mourn a man's death, that man is great.

New York City ELIZABETH HULING

Mr. Fry and Russia

SIR: Mr. Varian Fry's attack on the fundamentally sound editorial, "On War and Politics" [the *New Republic*, April 2], strikes me as completely lacking in verity and common sense. Your decency and fearlessness are journalistic beacon lights, but that does not imply that you're fault-free. Mr. Fry wrote, "After reading your editorial I felt as though I wanted to vomit." Too bad that he couldn't expel the bile that then found its way to his pen.

Russia's foreign policies are often enigmatic, but only the passionate Russia-haters see every move as sinister. During the past ten days, I've heard Joseph Barnes, Edgar Snow and Secretary Stettinius speak temperately and with understanding about Russia, and their talks all denoted admiration and a degree of genuine warmth for our dauntless but imperfect ally. Americans who find all white and pure in Russian motives, compete in disservice to the United States with those, like Fry, of distorted vision, who see only black and slime.

New York City EUGENE MESSNER

Help for India

SIR: Famine is stalking the world. It has already trapped and seized some of its victims. Among these is India, which after two years is still being devoured. In 1943 the food crisis in India affected more than 60 million people, causing mass starvation and more than a million deaths. Today inhabitants of entire regions, especially Bengal, are ruined, and are being stricken with epidemic diseases. India, an innocent casualty of war, is in the throes of dire emergency.

American efforts to aid India began more than a year ago, with the sanction of British as well as American authorities. A national committee, American Relief for India, Inc., has now been organized to maintain and extend help so long as it is needed. This committee has been registered with the President's War Relief Control Board, and has been endorsed by the Viceroy of India, the Governor of Bengal, the Agent General for India in the United States, and Lord Halifax. It is conducting this month a public campaign for funds, to enable it to carry on, through the agency of the American Friends' Service Committee in the field, a relief work of not less than $100,000 a month. A million dollars must be had for this current year.

To save a wretched and dying people, and incidentally to bind firm friendship between India and America, I appeal for a generous response to this urgent call for funds. Contributions may be sent to the office of the Committee, 41 Park Row, New York City 7.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
for the Board of Directors,
New York City American Relief for India, Inc.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

"From the Garden of Eden to Dumbarton Oaks" is the title of a pamphlet discussing the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, sent to us by the Union for Democratic Action, 9 East Forty-sixth Street, New York City 17. Free copies of the pamphlet may be obtained from the UDA.

Claude V. Hall, of Commerce, Texas, writes to us about the North Texas Rainey-for-Governor Club organized in his community by a group of young men and women, largely college students. Dr. Homer Price Rainey, the group's candidate for Governor of Texas, is the recently removed president of the University of Texas who quarreled with the university trustees over an issue involving academic freedom.

William Rose Benét, of New York City, informs us that the parody of Wordsworth, "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," attributed to Swinburne by Stark Young in his review of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" in our April 9 issue, was written by Edward Fitzgerald.

Dr. Herman Lissauer, of the Modern Forum, Los Angeles, writes to suggest that *New Republic* readers in that area may be interested to know that Bruce Bliven, an editor of the *New Republic*, will speak in the Wilshire-Ebell Theatre on the evening of May 9.

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Books in Review

Meditation on a Battlement

"We civilizations now know that we are mortal." Out of such knowledge, in 1919, Paul Valéry pictured the intellectual crisis as a kind of modern Hamlet, pacing the battlements of Europe and interrogating the ghosts of the war dead. During the present war Valéry has been raising the specter of Faust, Hamlet's fellow student from Wittenberg, and is said to have created a modern Mephistopheles in the interrogative image of André Gide. Meanwhile Gide himself, having raised new questions in a new French edition of Goethe's plays, has turned back to complete his own translation[1] of Shakespeare's tragedy. *Hamlet ou le Distrait, Pièce de Shakespeare*, thus continues to preoccupy the French intelligence, "distracted from distraction by distraction." Even General de Gaulle has recently deigned to misquote it. And the grave-diggers of France, walking through their last act with modernized properties and amplified sound effects, repeat their double-takes and rehearse their pratfalls.

The affinity is well grounded, for Shakespeare found his material in a collection of *histoires tragiques*, and dramatized the skeptical mood of Montaigne's essays. Civilized veneers could not alter the harsh contours of the old Norse saga, however, nor keep melodrama from intruding on meditation. Critics and actors, equally narcissistic, have done their worst to obscure the plot and spotlight the protagonist. T. S. Eliot could discern no private solution for Hamlet's problems. Maurice Evans came closer to the objective correlative by restoring the other roles to their full stature, and thereby showing how Hamlet's introspection refracts and intensifies an atmosphere of public conflict. His melancholy can be diagnosed, dramatically and historically, as the malady of his incipient century. "Denmark's a prison." Something was rotten somewhere, perhaps in the state of England. Elizabethan ripeness, in the last years of the old queen, was felt to be fast decaying. Disinheritance and banishment, usurpation and revenge were to be the dominant themes of Stuart drama. "All things have their end," says Webster's hero, meditating—with Montaigne in his pocket—among the ruins:

> Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
> Must have like death that we have.

We are no longer strangers, at all events, to Hamlet's dilemma. Shipwrights toiling day and night and Sunday, implements of war destined for foreign marts, renewed portents of Caesar's fall, ghostly warnings and military preparations—all occasions inform against us. The civilian awakens, long after the soldier has been roused, to the stalemate between the native hue of resolution and the pale cast of thought. The Frenchman feels, more acutely than the rest of us, the affront of invading armies, the rival claims of political succession, the pressure of the distracted multitude. The sophisticated intellectual, hesitating long and resisting late, is drawn into the primitive blood feud. Who has examined his conscience more searchingly or sympathetically than Gide? Where shall we find the soliloquies of the Hamlet *de nos jours*, if not in the *journaux intimes* of Gide's thoughtsick and malcontent heroes? "The time is out of joint." Significantly Gide transposes the Shakespearean metaphor from inexpert carpentry to moral corruption. *"Cette époque est dévergondée."* The obligation to set it right, *"la faire rentrer dans l'ordre,"* is what Goethe called the key to the play.

To restore order has indeed been the general aim of Hamlet's French translators, ever since Voltaire denounced it as "the fruit of the imagination of a drunken savage." Gide, though attracted by the very qualities that repelled the classicists, still considers it a "lyric jumble" inducing a trancelike state far removed from reason. A certain degree of rationalization is inherent in the very process of translation: the supernatural overtones of "a guilty thing upon a fearful summons" are exorcized by the dry legalism of *"un coupable qu'on interpelle."* Pushing that rationalism from speech into action, Ducis excluded the ghost from his Racinian adaptation, and made Hamlet apostrophize an urn containing his father's ashes. Yet even Voltaire, with the advantage of knowing English, had recognized the suggestiveness of the language. Proposing the "To be or not to be" soliloquy as a touchstone, he refined it away in rococo alexandrines; substituting his own antithesis for Shakespeare's images, he insinuated hypocritical priests and unfaithful mistresses into Hamlet's reckoning of life's burdens.

And even Gide balks at the mixed metaphor, "to take arms against a sea of troubles." He therefore shifts the antagonism from nature to fortune, having incidentally dulled the force of its slings and arrows, and then attempts to bridle the sea in a subsequent operation. *"Y a-t-il pour l'âme plus de noblesse à endurer les coups et les revers d'une injurieuse fortune, ou à s'armer contre elle pour mettre frein à une marée de douleurs?"* Shakespeare deliberately went beyond human warfare to envision a more tireless and implacable foe, but few French versions have been willing to follow him. The first translator of the play, Le Tourneur, cavalierly reduced this passage to abstraction: *"se révoltant contre cette multitude de maux."* Dumas, mistranslating, introduced a naval battle: *"la force luttant sur la mer orageuse."* Others, accepting the marine imagery, neutralized the verb: *"lutter"* (Ménard), *"s'insurger"* (Derocquigny), *"s'armer"* (F. V. Hugo). Only the prosaic Guizot, and a few recent scholars, have dared to be literal; and it must be added that the literal rendering sounds awkward.

The distance between two diverging cultures may be measured by one characteristic monosyllable. The game of bowls provided Shakespeare with "There's the rub." For a vernacular equivalent, Gide must resort to the terminology of scholastic disputation: *"C'est là le hic!"* Now and then he is able to hit a more exact nuance than his original. *"Se glisser entre les draps incestueux"* seems better suited to the

[1] Hamlet, by William Shakespeare. Edition bilingue. Traduction nouvelle d'André Gide. New York: Pantheon Books. 286 pages. $4.50.

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lubricity of the situation than "to post with such dexterity," where Shakespeare's horsemanship gallops away with him. Wherever there is a metaphysical implication to be brought out, the French is more explicit than the English: "Seems, madam! Nay, it is" becomes *"Apparence? Eh! non! Madame. Réalité."* With happy ingenuity, Gide renders "John-a-dreams" by "*Pierrot lunaire*" and "out-Herod" by "*sur-Artaban.*" It is scarcely his fault that Hamlet's wormwood, rendered by *absinthe*, takes on a slightly decadent flavoring. None the less *"les bords . . . du Léthé,"* though they glisten with the impersonal elegance of French classicism, lack the homely and haunting torch of "Lethe wharf."

Whether Gide's crisp phrases and balanced rhythms achieve their aim, whether this version is more actable than its many predecessors, can only be judged by the effect of performance upon an audience to the manner born. For us his prose is primarily a commentary on Shakespeare's poetry. By unraveling its tropes and underlining its ideas, by narrowing their range and sharpening their focus, by scaling down vagrant connotations to a standard repertory of poetic diction, by abstracting that unexpected concreteness which is all but unexplainable, Gide explains much. He sensitively registers the grandiose and the gnomic intonations, the foolish figures of Polonius and the disjointed chatter of the grave-diggers, above all the tortuous stream of Hamlet's consciousness. Only when attempting rhymed verse or word-play, or when confronted by textual difficulties or topical allusions, does he lapse into inaccuracy or vagueness. It is only fair to remember that he was exiled from libraries while completing his task, and that his single reference is to the highly questionable authority of M. (*sic*) Longworth Chambrun.

No one can be blamed for expressing bewilderment at the player's tirade, since this speech has always been caviar to the general. Yet Gide, of all people, should clearly have perceived its significance. The mobled queen, of course, is everything that Gertrude is not: the good mother, the faithful wife, lamenting the old king's murder. But the ancient background, for the modern reader, is even more to the point: the fall of a city, the time-honored and prophetic theme of Troy, the collapse of the civilization from whose ruins Europe sprung. French literature, profoundly conscious of such traditions, has also been concerned with the paradoxes of the drama, the peculiar relationship between actor and spectator, theatrical calculation and emotional response. What, then, is Hecuba to the player or Hamlet to us? The postwar Hamlet of Valéry, crossing our minds again, suggests an answer. The skull on which he meditates is not Yorick's but Leonardo's. *"Quel chef-d'œuvre est l'homme!"* The artist-engineer of the Renaissance, who anticipated the flying-machine, did not foresee the bomber.

> For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
> Hoist in his own petard . . .

When Hamlet thus expounds the nature of dramatic irony, he is thinking of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and their rendezvous in England; he does not realize that his own petard will explode soon afterward, or that Denmark —for all its armaments and negotiations—is already mined by the armies of the triumphant Fortinbras. Nor is the bumbling Polonius aware, when he warns Ophelia against springes to catch woodcocks in the first act, of what Laertes will realize in the last—that they themselves, the woodcocks, have set the springe. And just as the play-within-the-play, "The Mousetrap," catches Claudius, so the play itself is set for our consciences. *"Qualis artifex pereo!"* exclaims the dying prince in Laforgue's travesty. Ironically enough, the tragedy of the modern Hamlet is not one of action retarded by thought, but of thought outmaneuvered by action; of supreme feats of engineering, constructive and destructive, utterly ungeared to social plan or intellectual purpose; of that bigger and better mousetrap which civilization has so proudly contrived and so cunningly baited for itself.

HARRY LEVIN

The Future of Europe

Europe: Free and United, by Albert Guérard. Palo Alto, Calif.: The Stanford University Press. 206 pages. $2.50.

THE LOCOMOTIVE OF HISTORY is too slow for Mr. Guérard; he has swung off indignantly at Big Three Junction and is driving straight for European Unity, with the cart before the horse. Left behind like Hitchcock heroes in a hurtling train of unsolved problems, we can profitably turn to the Professor's book for a possible clue to the future.

Journey's end, says Mr. Guérard, is the World State; next stop is a World Commonwealth of Regional Unions, in which the European Nation will take its rightful place, if certain conditions can be fulfilled: England must transcend empire and insularity, renounce her traditional role as manipulator of continental power balances, and enter the European Union; the Soviets must transcend their suspicion of the West and permit the existence of a united Europe which will not include Russia; a European solution of the German problem must be found, precluding German dominance in the Union—Germany must be absorbed, not quarantined; most important, the American people must rout the Machiavellians of Washington and London, whose aim is simple *restoration.* "The one thing needful is an act of will, based on an act of faith: Let Europe be!"

The Europe which would emerge after such prodigies of renunciation would be a rich community of autonomous cultures given cohesion by a customs union, a federal banking system, common currency and common social legislation, including a European Beveridge Plan. While Mr. Guérard believes great advances of socialism are inevitable, he looks forward not to a totalitarian uniformity but to a mixed economy, a free Europe "neither committed to socialism nor afraid of socialism." There would be large areas of public control, when possible following the decentralized TVA example. There would ensue a "great work of reconstruction and expansion which, if we are not faint-hearted, will turn the decades ahead into a new Renaissance."

Europe is sick unto death, not of nationalism, but of the perversion of the radical nationalism of the nineteenth century (which tended toward equality) by the Becks, Horthys, Pétains and Francos who have made the national state serve the class interests of a reactionary chauvinism. The new Europe would bring to fruition the true nationalism of Mazzini, would release the *peoples*, would mark the final victory of the spirit of 1848, which, Mr. Guérard

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NOT ALL THE BATTLES OF THIS WAR ARE FOUGHT OVERSEAS

"Southern senators already are preparing to filibuster to death the bill that would make permanent the Fair Employment Practice Committee."
—*Newsweek, Feb. 26, 1945.*

Shortly the nation will witness the spectacle of a handful of Southern Senators carrying out their declaration of war on the orderly processes of expanding democracy. Can this democracy—"conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal"—afford to let them win their war against long overdue legislation to eliminate discrimination in employment, and hope to endure?

THIS IS YOUR BATTLE!

The bill they would kill would make unlawful discrimination in employment on grounds of race, color, creed, national origin or ancestry, in all areas subject to federal jurisdiction. It would make permanent the wartime Fair Employment Practice Commission and give it authority to enforce the law through the usual democratic court processes.

Your Leaders Have Spoken:

"Discrimination, whether practiced by employees or employers, is definitely immoral . . . as if they committed theft or murder . . ."
—*Rt. Rev. Msgr. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D., Catholic Leader.*

"I rest my case for the permanence of the FEPC on one basic truth: Racial, religious discrimination in the field of employment is a denial of democracy and is of the essence of fascism."
—*Rabbi STEPHEN S. WISE, American Jewish Congress.*

"The right of a worker to be employed and paid solely on the basis of his character and ability is so clear, just and Christian that it should be protected by law."
—*Bishop G. BROMLEY OXNAM, Federal Council of Churches.*

But You Must Do Your Part, Too!

- **Write or wire your Senators and Representatives your support of the Permanent FEPC Bill, H.R.2232 in the House, S.101 in the Senate.**
- **This is a costly battle. Send what you can at once to the organization which is coordinating all efforts in Washington—the National Council for a Permanent FEPC.**

National Organizations Supporting the Permanent FEPC Bill
(Senate: S-101 House: H.R.2232)

Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority
American Association of University Women
American Civil Liberties Union
American Friends Service Committee
American Jewish Committee
American Jewish Congress
American Unitarian Association
American Unitarian Youth
B'nai B'rith
Catholic Interracial Council
Common Council for American Unity
Congregational Christian Churches (Council for Social Action)
Congress of Industrial Organizations
Consumers League of America
Delta Sigma Theta Sorority
Evangelical and Reformed Church, General Synod
Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America
Fraternal Council of Negro Churches in America
Improved Benevolent & Protective Order of Elks of the World
International Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters (AFL)
International Ladies Garment Workers Union of America (AFL)
Iota Phi Lambda Sorority
Jewish Labor Committee
Jewish War Veterans of the United States
League of United Latin American Citizens
March on Washington
Methodist Church, General Conference
Methodist Ministers' Union
Millinery Workers, Joint Board (AFL)
National Alliance of Postal Employees
National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses
National Bar Association
National CIO Committee to Abolish Racial Discrimination
National Community Relations Advisory Council
National Conference of Christians and Jews
National Council of Catholic Women
National Council of Jewish Women
National Council of Negro Women
National Council of Student Christian Associations
National Council for a Permanent FEPC
National Farmers Union
National Federation for Constitutional Liberties
National League of Women Shoppers
National Negro Insurance Association
National Urban League
National Women's Trade Union League of America
Negro Newspaper Publishers Assn.
Postwar World Council
Presbyterian General Assembly
Sigma Gamma Rho Sorority
Southern Conference for Human Welfare
Southern Tenant Farmers Union
Study Conference on Just and Durable Peace
Union of American Hebrew Congregations
Union for Democratic Action
United Council of Church Women
Upholsterers International Union of North America (AFL)
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Women's Division of the American Jewish Congress
Women's International League for Peace and Freedom
Workers Defense League
Young Men's Christian Association, National Board
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contends, is the inner and potential strength of the United Nations cause. "Imperceptibly, 'France' and 'Germany' would become rather shadowy geographical and cultural terms." Europe at last would be able to "clothe her immemorial unity of culture with material unity."

The first criticism that must be made of Mr. Guérard's analysis lies in the observation that political solutions do not flow inevitably or easily from the fact—if fact it be—of cultural unity. Umberto and Laval may share, with the Maquis and the Partisans, a common mother, but the assertion of that bond does not help in the immediate task of making peace in the family; Aneurin Bevan and Winston Churchill are both sons of the sceptered isle, but there is no love lost between them. The tragic cleavages on the Left offer even more impressive evidence of the stubborn fact that family quarrels are the most bitter ones. Mr. Guérard has of course not wholly ignored this difficulty; but he has preferred to look at it obliquely, and to transplant the political struggles of the Continent into the hothouse atmosphere of the future European government. He professes to derive some comfort from the contemplation of Germans voting in the European Assembly not as Germans but as "Communists, Social Democrats, bourgeois Liberals, and Conservatives." Mr. Guérard certainly does not intend that the European Union be a mere constitutional façade or debating society; but his Europe is static and unreal. To him the national state may be artificial and anachronistic, but the forces of the Right will not surrender it meekly; for good or ill, the national state is the arena in which the issues that vex our age will be decided. The decision must come before the union.

Then, too, it is possible that Mr. Guérard has oversimplified the nature of nationalism. The Right could not have used it if the people were immune to the virus. And the Left is not above playing with boundaries and irredentism: Does not Tito covet Trieste?

Mr. Guérard admits that Toryism possesses one great advantage: "it exists," whereas "democracy has not yet thought out a definite doctrine," but nowhere does he give sufficient weight to the orneriness of human nature and never does he seem dismayed by the magnitude of the task before us. May we not properly ask: If Europe is sick unto death, and if democracy is without definite doctrine and therefore without a single will, whence will come the moral and political resources, in Europe or in America, to provide fulcrum and leverage powerful enough to move the world toward health and sanity? Granting the fallibility of the leaders, is not the danger of anarchy more immediate than the danger of tyranny? Sharing Mr. Guérard's goals, must we not regret his casual treatment of means, and lament his preoccupation with formulating a European language code and prescribing rules for training a European police force as a "democratic elite"—at a time when even such a minimal agreement as that reached at Dumbarton Oaks is menaced?

It should not be inferred that Mr. Guérard is a simple-minded Utopian. He is an internationalist in a hurry, and impatience has tempted him to take a dim view of the mess we are in. Nevertheless, despite marginal eccentricity, his book is witty, readable and provocative. It makes an admirable companion-volume to Alvin Hansen's new study, *America's Role in the World Economy*. The latter suggests that the "act of will" for which Mr. Guérard calls will arise, not in vacuo, but as the result of a determined drive for full employment in the United States. James P. Warburg was right when he said that "foreign policy begins at home."

RICHARD N. KELLY

Planning for Peace

Time for Planning, by Lewis L. Lorwin. New York: Harper and Brothers. 273 pages. $3.

THIS BOOK contains an analysis of the principal types of planning, a discussion of democratic planning, a sketch of planning in the United States, a description of labor's efforts in planning. In addition, the writer discusses planning for world reconstruction and ends with "the outlook of the twentieth century." With the exception of three chapters, these studies have already been published during recent years. However, the writer draws his material more closely together and undertakes to lay down a social and economic program for the twentieth century.

When reactionary writers of the type of Hayek and von Mises are carrying on reckless and indiscriminate propaganda against democratic planning in the Western world, this volume provides a balanced and useful presentation of a widely different philosophy, much saner, far sounder and much more effective both in method and result. Dr. Lorwin is a well trained economist with broad experience in various forms of national and international planning. Not deterred by the clamor of neo-anarchists, he rightly finds the key to modern economico-political problems in processes and techniques of planning. He brushes aside the assumptions of the Marxians and the reactionaries with equal vigor and expounds the values of modern democratic planning. His observations and reflections are worth careful study by all those who look with responsible concern upon the gigantic problems of postwar reconstruction.

The most useful chapters are those dealing with international organization and policies. Under this caption Dr. Lorwin outlines fourteen points of international organization, a program which he calls "the world new deal," and finally presents the outlook for the twentieth century. In this field by reason of his long international interest and experience he reaches more definite and original findings and conclusions than elsewhere. The omission of any mention of a bill of rights in international relations is a very notable feature of his study, apparently not unintentional.

Dr. Lorwin does not come to grips with any of the emerging problems such as those presented by the Beveridge Plan, the British White Papers, the Murray bill with its significant proposals, nor with the many suggestions emanating from the National Planning Association and the Committee for Economic Development, nor with the great mass of plans now coming from the 48 states and from literally hundreds of cities. The role of public works in planning, of social services, of fiscal controls, he sketches very lightly, possibly for reasons of space, since Dr. Lorwin is acquainted with these problems. Nor does the reader find much help in references to the very rich material in this field, such as that of the Twentieth Century Fund and many others. He approves of the idea of a national planning board but looks backward still with definite nostalgia

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at some form of "economic council" now discredited by recent experience. On the whole the governmental implementation of planning is less fully and thoughtfully developed than is the case in the social and economic sections of the volume.

In the latter part of the work Dr. Lorwin deals with philosophical considerations. He is committed to a theory that he calls "social-energic interpretation of history" which the reviewer confesses that he follows with great difficulty. Nor did these observations seem relevant or necessary to the main body of the study. On the whole, however, this is a thoughtful and informative book, even if not inspiring. In a troubled world confused by violence and propaganda and by specious pleas of reactionary philosophers it provides a useful guide.

I might add my own voice to say the time for planning is here and now. More effort in this area is being put forth than ever before, by national, state and local, public and private, as well as international, agencies and individuals. But our well meaning plans are not being perfected rapidly enough to keep pace with the march of events. Our plans are lagging in the field of public works; of social services, covering health, education, recreation, housing, cultural advantages; of fiscal controls; of guarantees of full employment. The recommendations of the National Resources Planning Board (except the GI Bill of Rights), the Wagner bill, the Murray bill, the Thomas-Hill bill are not being translated into action. In such fields as highway construction and aid to veterans we have made great strides forward, and of course in international planning.

In general our plans are not ready in special fields, nor are they unified and integrated so that they can be expected to work together and not against each other in good team work. We are losing the race with the postwar emergency crowding upon us, and if we are not more energetic we may be found unprepared for peace.

CHARLES E. MERRIAM

A Home of Whose Own?

Home Ownership—Is It Sound? by John P. Dean. New York: Harper and Brothers. 215 pages. $2.50.

FOR 150 YEARS home ownership has been one of America's sacred traditions. American poets sang its praises; homilies on home ownership filled the *Congressional Record*; our chief executives proclaimed it as a vital link in democracy. With governmental blessing, home hucksters and lot peddlers were encouraged to ply their wares to a home-hungry public which was taught that owning a home was a moral obligation on the individual. By the time of the depression, the sacred cow had become a white elephant but the illusions lingered on and the pressures continued unabated. When war ends, the stage is set for the biggest home-buying orgy in our history, but no agency, official or unofficial, has taken the trouble to analyze the situation impartially.

Dr. Dean's study of home ownership, therefore, arrives as a timely, fresh and important contribution in a field in which most of the literature consists of the exhortations of special-interest groups. It is essential reading for every citi-

A new edition of
"perhaps the greatest work ever written
on one country by the citizen of another."
—*From the foreword by Harold J. Laski*

ALEXIS
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DEMOCRACY
IN
AMERICA

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zen, since home ownership is one of America's most deeply vested emotions. It should sober the government officials who have been indiscriminately encouraging ownership, for official responsibility extends also to counseling the public impartially and to discouraging ownership for those who cannot afford it. Unlike most of the special pleading of builders and lenders, it is a sober thesis written for a doctorate by a modest sociology teacher at Queens College. Though written dispassionately and carefully documented at every point, it unwittingly emerges as a crusade. If it leans too heavily on the negative side of home ownership as undertaken today, it is because the facts assembled bend it that way.

The book shows how the homeowner has been victimized not only by reckless subdividers, builders and lending institutions, but by a new bloc of governmental agencies, which, since 1933, have acquired proprietary interests in home-lending and home-owning and have now embraced the idiom of the home-selling fraternity. It tells of government agencies like the Federal Housing Administration joining up with Chambers of Commerce, lumber interests and private builders to promote home purchases, putting hundreds of salesmen into the field to assist in local drives, circulating millions of pieces of literature to encourage buying, organizing "better selling" meetings, supplying posters with the government seal, sponsoring expositions, circulating movies and coöperating with local realtors to promote subdivisions. Private building-materials dealers even pay the charges for nationwide broadcasts at which government officials boom home ownership. The statement of the deputy administrator of the FHA, in a speech to an audience of builders, tells the story with glaring frankness—"Gentlemen, the National Housing Act is a profit-producing 'sales tool' for realtors."

Dr. Dean's study is a revelation, particularly because puffing ownership has become routine in both official and unofficial circles. It is a serious indictment of government to which it cannot fail to plead. Dean does not disapprove of sound home ownership, but he shows that millions of home-buyers are not qualified to make the long and rigid commitment; that they are forced into buying substandard housing through sales pressure; he points out the dangers of depreciation in family income, mobility of industry, changing family needs and other hazards that cause an owner to lose his home as well as having a deficiency judgment entered against him. He shows the hidden costs in ownership, such as depreciation, repairs, maintenance, and interest on the cash investment, which most owners fail to take into account; he demonstrates that it is precisely when costs are high that most people incline toward purchase, only to have their homes thrown on the auction block at the first dip of the business curve. Builders skimp on every detail the consumer's eye will overlook, while sound planning practice is almost unknown except in a few demonstration developments. Though some improvement has been achieved on FHA houses, the ideal is still a long way off. Consumer indifference and governmental encouragement of high-pressure practices make the home-buyer easy game for the speculator.

The author advocates a few modest proposals to protect the consumer: (1) discouraging instead of encouraging those not in a position to buy; (2) protecting those who do buy; (3) providing safeguards for those who buy and must then leave their homes. He wants impartial agencies to advise the owner and recommends building more homes for rental and flexibility in mortgage payments in case of sudden impairment of income. He urges reduction of interest rates, improved local planning and insurance of the owner's equity as well as of the mortgage.

Dr. Dean thinks that the problem of home ownership will some day be faced squarely by the United States. "When that time comes America will, no doubt, look back to our own time as an era in which society encouraged its families to stride ahead through a field deliberately sown with booby traps."

This is a significant book because the home-ownership structure will face some serious shocks in the postwar period, particularly with the new home-buying encouraged by the GI Bill of Rights and with $25 billion of "E" bonds pressing for conversion into equities. Frantic searchers for homes will not hesitate to buy at any price in the shortage that will follow demobilization and remigration of workers. If the FHA policy of selling homes to transient war workers and the home-ownership provisions of the GI Bill of Rights are indicative of the future government attitude, the conclusion must be that since the intervention of government to "aid the homeowner" the prospects for secure ownership have taken a remarkable turn for the worse.

The author's recommendations are sound enough, as far as they go. What seems to be needed first is a good clean congressional investigation of the whole sordid business, and there are enough facts in this little book to warrant it.

CHARLES ABRAMS

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Behind the Headlines

The Secret History of the War, by Waverley Root. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes; 1,277 pages. $10.

SHORTLY before the publication of Root's two massive tomes on international history from 1939 to 1942, I asked the author to have patience with me, as I wanted to do a thorough job of reviewing. A few days later he wrote me: "I hope it won't be too tough a job wading through it. Having rewritten it twice and read it through again in both galley and page proofs, I am too groggy to have an opinion on it myself any longer. I'm still surprised at my own industry, however, especially when I look at the index."

Reading a book backwards by starting with the index is an unorthodox way of judging it, but in this case it is quite legitimate. For Root's work will become one of our most useful sourcebooks of the history of World War II. The author is not an academic historian for whom documentary evidence is the *sine qua non* of his profession. Much has been made by critics of his frequent use of apparently unsubstantiated rumors and claims which the professional historian would consider too hot to handle. But Root, not only a scholar but also a reporter with a keen news sense, properly appreciates the impact that a rumor may have on the course of political events. On the other hand, it would be interesting to know how he came into possession of information of which only the British Intelligence Service or the German High Command should have knowledge.

Not much need be said here about Root as a commentator. His interpretation of the events he describes is that of an American liberal, and most readers of the *New Republic* will find themselves in general agreement with his views, particularly his outspoken criticism of our State Department's appeasement policy toward reactionaries, neo-fascists, proto-fascists and pseudo-democrats.

No single reviewer can do justice to Root's work because no single reviewer is qualified to judge the correctness of facts relating to countries as widely removed as Poland, Turkey, France, Italy or Japan. I am confirmed in this opinion by rereading reviews in which the critics were careful to appraise only those parts familiar to them. But the consensus is that Root has done a competent job in all the fields which he tackles, and there are no serious mistakes of fact so far as I am able to judge.

H. E.

A Reader's List

RE-EDUCATING GERMANY, by Werner Richter (University of Chicago, $3.50). The author was an Undersecretary in the German Ministry of Education during the Weimar Republic, and he devotes a large part of his book to a discussion of the educational policies of that period. His later chapters, dealing with the reëducation of the Germans after this war, are based solidly on his experience with the German mind and character. Mr. Richter is optimistic about the future of democratic values in postwar Germany. He believes the German people can be reinstated as useful members of the international community through educational measures, to be undertaken by the Germans themselves and not by any occupying foreign power. He makes a

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sober, scholarly and convincing case for the persistence of socialism, and of Christianity, in the Germany that can emerge from under Nazi domination.

COÖPERATIVE COMMUNITIES AT WORK, by Hendrik F. Infield (Dryden, $3). This interesting little book analyzes and compares the coöperative communities of the Soviet Union, Mexico and Palestine, as well as the experiments of the Farm Security Administration and of other groups in the United States. The methods of the different communities are diligently discussed. The success achieved in the rehabilitation of destitute farmers, and in the modernization of farming, is offered as proof that the postwar world should seek to exploit these ideas. The author points out both the advantages and disadvantages of coöperative living. The documentation is thorough and the writing lucid. This is a valuable book for those interested in postwar resettlement.

SMALL FARM AND BIG FARM, by Carey McWilliams: Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 100 (Public Affairs Committee, 25 cents). With considerable force and insight Mr. McWilliams has stated the position of the small farmer in relation to big farms, labor, business and the organizations which claim to speak for agriculture. That the small farmer may survive in an economic climate which today is certainly not favorable to him, Mr. McWilliams suggests the application of more democracy to agriculture; coöperative organization, protection of labor rights, and the expansion of social security to include the farmer and farm labor. He makes the essential point that "what is important is not the size of the farm, but what happens to the people who work the land." One of the most interesting sections of the pamphlet presents a balance sheet of the relative social and economic merits of the small and big farm. Using material from a Bureau of Agricultural Economics Survey, Mr. McWilliams makes a strong case for the small farm as the more socially efficient agricultural unit. In terms of people rather than statistics he illuminates a large area of American society which has been misrepresented, misunderstood and occasionally maligned.

YOUR PLACE AT THE PEACE TABLE, by Edward L. Bernays. (Gerent, $1). Edward L. Bernays, the well known public-relations counsel, has written a manual for the American citizen who wants to help bring pressure to bear on the Senate in favor of ratification of Dumbarton Oaks. His little book is nothing if not practical. He tells you how to get publicity into newspapers and over the radio, how to make a speech—and still more important, how to get an audience assembled—the secret of successful presentation of argument by letter, and just how to write to the President, Secretary of State or a member of Congress. An appendix contains lists of books and pamphlets on international affairs and much other information useful to the novice who wants to get into the fight.

GREEN ARMOR, by Osmar White. (Norton, $3). Millions of words have poured from New Guinea correspondents, but the fact remains few people seem to know much about the island: its topography, its climate, its history. *Green Armor* should provide information to a good number, for though it contains a vigorous record of the fight against the Japanese, it is primarily a record of the New Guinea fight against "nature." And nature there isn't the same as nature anywhere else. The book is interesting, facilely written and informative.

Contributors

RANDOLPH MADISON is the pseudonym of a Chicago newspaperman.

JOHN BEECHER's article in this issue is a chapter from his forthcoming book, soon to be published by L. B. Fischer, dealing with his experiences aboard the SS Booker T. Washington.

FRED R. MILLER is a tool designer who lives on Staten Island, New York. He has contributed sporadically over the years to the *New Republic*, *Poetry*, *Jazz Information* and other magazines, and has just completed an experimental novelette.

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